Saturday Review

OCTOBER 27, 1956 / 20¢

RECORDINGS

photograph by Richard Avedon.

Mrs. August Belmont, founder and president emeritus of the Metropolitan Opera Guild (See Page 33)

ISN'T THERE A BETTER WAY TO ELECT A PRESIDENT?

By Richard L. Neuberger

THE BLUE AND GRAY FIGHT ON AND ON

New Books on the Civil War

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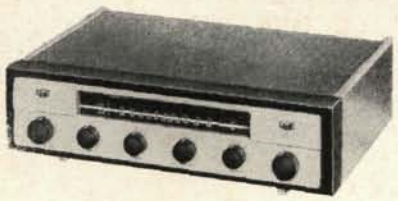
THE BEST SEAT IN THE CONCERT HALL



It may be a difficult notion to accept at first, but most seats in a concert hall provide the listener with a compromised performance. For one seat, the violin is muffled; for another, a flute passage is lost. Even excellent halls suffer from unwanted reverberations and reflections, and frequently you must listen at a sound level substantially above or below that at which you listen best.

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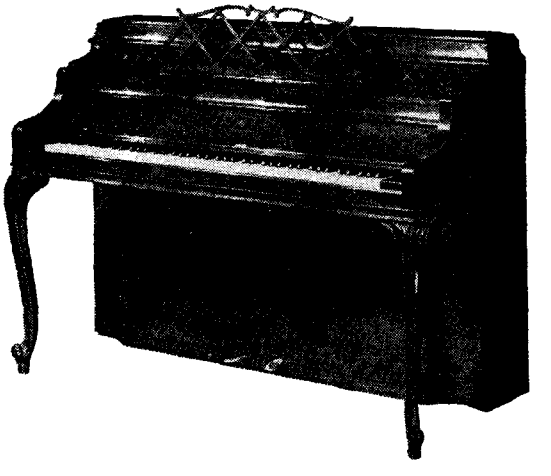

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The Saturday Review

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXIX, No. 43, October 27, 1956. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N.Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1956 by Saturday Review, Inc.

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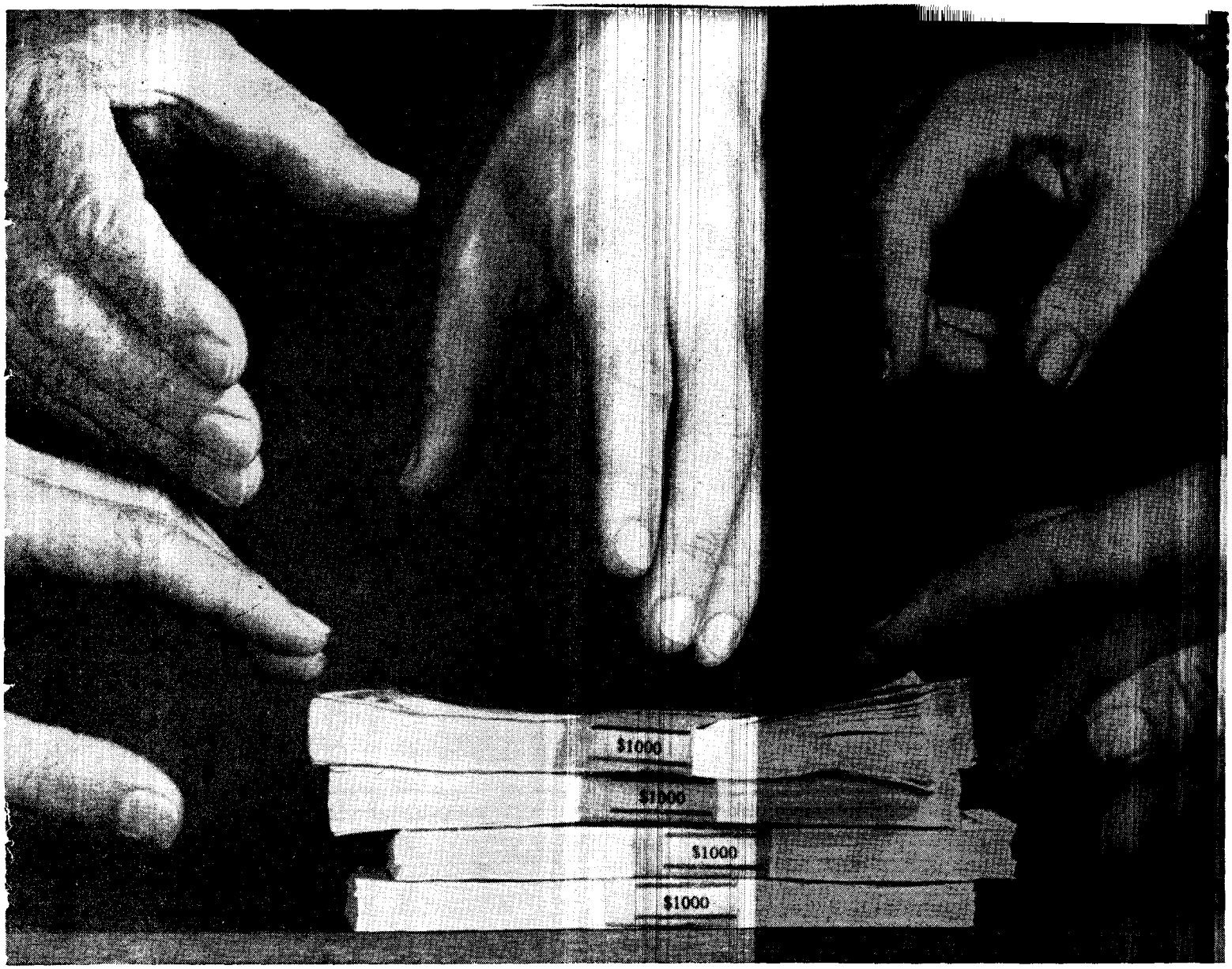

A close look at tight money

Straight talk about banks and small business

Much of what is being written and said today about small business not getting its share of bank credit fails to square with the record.

Banks are doing their level best to meet the credit needs of small business. There is ample evidence of this.

At Chase Manhattan, for example, commercial and instalment loans in amounts ranging from $1,000 to $100,000 made to small business increased 31% in number during the past year.

Current reports from many sections of the country demonstrate that a good percentage of the nation's banks show trends similar to Chase Manhattan's.

This is not to imply that anybody who wants a loan today can walk into a bank and get it.

Money is tight. Right now the demand for credit from banks is bigger than the supply. Borrowers large and small are competing for money. But it's not their size that's really important. What primarily determines whether a business loan will be made is the credit worthiness of the applicant. Bankers are supplying credit to business and commerce for current needs, and figures indicate small businesses are getting their fair share of the money available.

This is the situation today. Back of it there is a simple banking philosophy.

Bankers like to lend money. It's their bread and butter. But sometimes loans have to be turned down. Remember, bankers are not lending their own money. Bank loans are made from money entrusted to banks by depositors. Therefore bankers must use sound judgment and common sense.

This sums up the general position of commercial banks about loans to small business today. We believe it is a sound position . . . one that gives everybody in the business community a fair chance at available bank credit.

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TRADE Winds

NOTES FROM A RIGHT-HAND DRAWER

WITH THE SPOTLIGHT focused on Washington, a timely volume indeed is Arthur Hadley's "Do I Make Myself Clear?" (Holt, $1.50). Hadley, with valuable aid from his illustrator, James Berryman, clarifies a great deal of the double talk bandied about so freely on Capitol Hill. When a politico announces gravely, for instance, "This is an outrageous multi-million-dollar giveaway program," he really is saying, "There's not a cent of it being spent in my district." "My answer is a definite and final no" means "For the present I'm against it"; "I am receiving information from business men and labor leaders all over the country that the provisions of this law have proved grossly unfair" is Washingtonese for "My brother-in-law is in trouble". . . . A darling, grandmotherly neighbor of Neil Morgan in San Diego, who reads science-fiction avidly, deduced that the roar of the jet afterburners from Lindbergh Field nearby was caused by crashing the sound barrier. "I've been listening to those new jet planes going through the sound barrier for weeks now," she told Neil impatiently, "and I just wonder why none of those fool pilots have thought to fly around it?" . . . Tipoff on how many bookshops are ignoring publication dates these days: Grace Metalious's "Peyton Place" was on Boston best-seller lists three full weeks before it was supposed to be offered for sale. Meanwhile, most fellow-citizens of Miss Metalious in

Gilmanton, New Hampshire, shocked at first by her uninhibited prose, now have decided they are very proud of their "Pandora in blue jeans." One frank merchant (Godfrey's) advertised in the Meredith, N.H., *News:* "Twenty-four copies of 'Peyton Place' are here. I don't know why you want to read it, but we're glad to sell it to you at the publisher's list price of $3.95." Publisher Kitty Messner points out that "Peyton Place" is "the first novel that brings 'Tobacco Road' up north and gives it a Yankee accent."

A NEW SUNSET record album called "Aphrodisia" features on the cover a portrait of the amply endowed Anita Ekberg along with this cautionary note: "The primitive rhythms in this album are basic and explosive. Those unaccustomed to dealing with aroused emotions are urged to listen with care." Some alert paperback publisher should find out who perpetrated this job—and sign him up quickly. . . . Columnist Art Buchwald (and how

good he is!) came to New York recently to shape up a new contract with Harper's, and sent this advance warning to his crony, Irving Hoffman: "Dear Irving: A very close friend of mine named Art Buchwald will turn up at the Savoy Plaza next Saturday. I took the liberty of asking him to call you. He is a happily married man, so will require no female talent. All he wants is a piece of cheesecake at Lindy's. (Signed) Art Buchwald". . . . An elevator operator in the Time-Life Building suddenly threw her arms around agent Jim Brown recently and kissed him soundly. She then stammered in embarrassment, "Oh, excuse me, sir. I thought you were Adlai Stevenson!" . . . Kyle Crichton's concise report on the tryout of a dramatization of "Tom Jones": "Good Fielding. No hit." . . . Alan Dunn's new cartoon portfolio, "Should It Gurgle," is a superb collection—a source of pride to his publishers (*The New Yorker* and S. & S.) and his fellow-alumni ("Roar, Lion, Roar"). The title refers not, as you might imagine, to Elvis Presley but to the paraphernalia of the atomic age that surrounds and mystifies the hell out of us all.

PHILADELPHIA POLICE swooped down upon a questionable night club a few weeks ago and dragged its customers off to the hoosegow. One of them,

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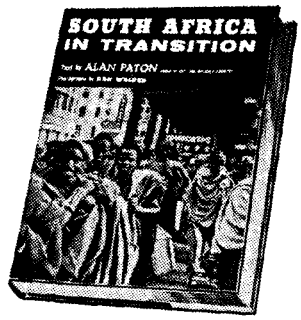

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dressed in slacks, a turtleneck sweater, and a rakish cap turned out to be Davis Grubb, author of the thriller, "Night of the Hunter." When he explained patiently to the judge that he was a writer His Honor barked, "A writer, huh? You ought to go out and get yourself a job." That was the moment, Abel Green pointed out in *Variety*, when Grubb should have informed the judge that just a few days previous he had received a check for $70,000 for the movie rights alone to "The Night of the Hunter." . . . If you cannot wangle a pair of tickets to "My Fair Lady" (and incidentally, neither I nor anybody else on the *SR* staff can help you out in this regard so PLEASE don't ask), you can at least read the text and lyrics in an edition just published by Coward McCann. It's great! . . . Edward C. Aswell has shifted his base of operations from McGraw-Hill to Doubleday. And Scott Bartlett is the new managing editor at Dutton's. . . . It will be a long, long time before Publishers' Row forgets Lewis Gannett, just retired from *The New York Herald Tribune* after many years of devoted service. Stepping into his shoes is another great favorite of this column: John Hutchens. And down from Providence to help him out comes Maurice Dolbier. Speaking of *The Herald-Trib*, the irreplaceable Belle Rosenbaum recently completed her twenty-fifth year on the *Book Review* there. Why in heck was no dinner thrown to commemorate the event? There's too little honest sentiment shown these days in the book business!

HOLLYWOOD DATELINE: . . . James Michener's "Sayonara" will be filmed in Japan by producer Bill Goetz and director Josh Logan. That winsome Tokyo geisha gal, Audrey Hepburn, is being importuned to star in the picture. Michener himself, Orient-bound for the winter, has a volume of self-selected "bests" from his previous books scheduled for the Modern Library series, and a new book called "Scoundrels in Paradise" (written in collaboration with A. Grove Day) due

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1178)

OVERSTREET:

THE MIND GOES FORTH

The extension of forgiveness between human beings is both an art and a necessity. If it is not practiced, or is grudgingly or self-righteously practiced, a great many relationships are bound to remain distorted.

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in the spring. . . . Bill Goetz, incidentally, is the man who reassured the producers of the Irving Stone classic "Lust for Life" when they began worrying that their picture might be a bit too highbrow to attract the average audience. "Lust for Life" will clean up at the box office," predicted Goetz. "Everybody who owns a Van Gogh will rush to see it." . . . Eugene Burdick, the college professor who hit the jackpot with "The Ninth Wave," is likely to collect another quarter of a million from his share of the film rights. There's nothing like a college education! . . . When "The Joker Is Wild" (the rollicking biography of Joe E. Lewis) hits the screen Frank Sinatra will be playing the inimitable Joe and Eddie Albert his accompanist-side kick, Austin Mack. . . . A writer I know and love climbed out of his swimming pool long enough to declare solemnly, "The writer is treated worse in Hollywood than the slaves before the Civil War," then took off for a winter in Florida in his solid-platinum Bentley. . . .

LAWRENCE LANGNER, absent-minded impresario, boarded a taxicab recently in front of the Theatre Guild office, announced, "I only have twenty minutes to catch my train. Please get me to Grand Central as quickly as you can," and then opened his evening paper. Fifteen minutes and ten pages later, he looked up for the first time and noted that he was still directly in front of the Guild office.

That's when he discovered that there was no driver in the taxicab.

—BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 696

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 696 will be found in the next issue

WORK ON UGK LSU AR

MSLQOVJ NPRROIOKVU

IAVIWPNOAVN RSAY

OVNPRROIOKVU TSKYONKN.

—NLYPKW HPUWKS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 695

Women try their luck; men risk theirs. —OSCAR WILDE.

"IT'S FUN TO PHONE"

"SO GLAD YOU CALLED"

"IT'S GOOD TO HEAR YOUR VOICE"

"THE DANCE WAS SWELL"

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But one of its greatest uses has nothing to do with sudden need or calls to the grocer, dentist, hairdresser, electrician, department store, etc.

It's to bring friends and families together.

Just to be able to lift the receiver and talk to others is one of the joys of the telephone.

Isn't there some news you'd like to share with someone right now? And hasn't that someone some news you'd like to hear?

A telephone call that costs so little can do so much to brighten the day at both ends of the line.

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my Lord, what a morning

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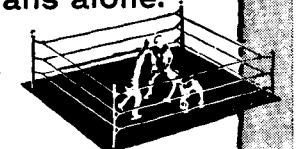

THE SWEET SCIENCE

by A. J. LIEBLING

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The Saturday Review
OCTOBER 27, 1956

ISN'T THERE A BETTER WAY TO ELECT A PRESIDENT?

The Junior Senator from Oregon Looks Over Some Political Facts of Life—and Adds a Prescription for Improvement

By RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

TODAY'S politics comprise two main facts of life. First, the pressure of big-time communications to put a false-face on every candidate, to conform him to some preconceived public-relations notion of what an "All-American Candidate" should be. Second, around the political mansions of America there has grown a very thorny financial hedge: these days campaigns—even for the relatively un-great offices of Senator and Congressman—require a great deal of money, which must be supplied from elaborate fund-raising organizations, party headquarters, and/or friendly individual contributors.

The public-relations man and the advertising agency have become as influential in our political life as they have been for years in our supermarket life. It's yet to be established that high-priced advertising counseling and calculating are necessary to sell a good man and a good platform to the American people, but political chieftains on both sides of the fence have become hypnotized by the monstrous apparatus of modern merchandising, and submit almost without demur to every emanation from Madison Avenue. The Madison Avenue emphasis is not necessarily on what is right or necessary, but on what will sell and what will win. Frequently an honest candidate, with integrity bred in his bones, must tell his constituents some hard truths, even some unpleasant truths. Such behavior is not always consistent with victory. But the campaign managers seem to feel that their candidate must be sold to the public, and whatever it takes to sell him goes.

Yet should government be dispensed in this fashion? Should selling and merchandising be the decisive tests when men and women are being chosen to shape the policies of the world's foremost democracy? In 1954 my advertising counselor, a man of ethics in his realm, urged me to oppose the reciprocal-trade treaties. A survey had shown they were unpopular with our cherry growers, plywood producers, and tuna fishermen. He had made no substantive decision as to what was best for the country and for the world. He merely was interested in what was best for me as a candidate. I had to set aside his judgment in order to take my stand for a widening of our trade and commerce with other free nations.

TOO much of our politics today is done with the kind of wands and mirrors my friend proposed—not exactly lies, but evasions and smoothing-overs and delusions. And while make-

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believe may be all right for the Never-Never Land of Peter Pan, it is a dubious substitute for genuine discussion of the problems troubling a great democracy. In 1954 the Republican Congressional Campaign Committees began the practice of having Cabinet members put on film while giving the obvious replies to stereotyped questions. Then Republican Senators and Congressmen up for election could be filmed asking these questions, and the two products would be spliced together in a movie studio. The result, for use in home-state TV productions, would be a program in which the Congressional candidate and the Secretary of the Treasury could seem to be in most earnest conversation about taxes or the budget, although they actually might never have seen each other. This sort of deception is permissible for the movies, in which Harold Lloyd appears to be dangling from a skyscraper even though the scene was shot only a few feet above the studio floor. But do we want film-splicing and fakery in the selection process of those who govern us? Teleprompters, which give a false illusion of speaking extemporaneously, are fine for the delivery of a Revlon or Kraft Cheese commercial. Are teleprompters and pancake-makeup the stuff of which American government ought to be made? I recall a feature picture in which Robert Mitchum skilfully played the role of a surgeon. He was every inch the M.D., with sure professional mannerisms, with the appropriate use of the stethoscope, mask, and scalpel. But would we think of letting Mr. Mitchum operate on our family? Yet a man who can be made to look and act the part of a President or Senator or Governor may end up by recommending laws or signing treaties for the rest of us to live by.

Sometimes it is possible for a reliance on the synthetic to get utterly out of hand. *Kiplinger* magazine for July reported a TV school for candidates in which they would be taught "the right ways to sit, stand, look, and speak." There was no reference at all to substance—to such presumably extraneous matters as a knowledge of agriculture, history, diplomacy, finance, or education. And already, sad to relate, a Senatorial election has been decided in one of the original thirteen states of the Union by concocting a so-called "composite picture" of a Communist leader and a conservative Southern Democrat, when the two had never met face to face. Nor can we forget the emotional references to such symbols as dogs, women's wardrobes, and family ties when a nominee for the second highest public office in the land was plagued by troublesome charges of a lack of ethics four years ago.

IN OUR public life today we are endangered by an alarming tendency to substitute form for substance, to make the word suffice for the deed. Already in the 1956 campaign, we have witnessed thirty-ton tractor caravans. Balloons inflated with precious helium and bearing political salestalk have dotted the autumn skies as voters go about their daily business. Of course, the balloons and the bandwagons have not revealed how a candidate is to assure us of trustworthy allies against world Communism or how he is to bolster farm prices or protect natural resources. That is not their purpose. They are merely to indoctrinate us with a selling line.

Although they could have been creating a Frankenstein's monster as they did so, the Democrats may have set this whole disturbing process in motion during the halcyon years of Franklin D. Roosevelt's ascendancy in American politics. On each election eve it was the custom of the Democratic National Committee to sponsor a two-hour radio show over all the networks featuring Hollywood personalities who were in FDR's corner. These men and women would croon, sing, joke, emote, act, yodel, or play the harp—as their special talents dictated. It had nothing to do with Government policies, but it was marvelous theatre. At the very conclusion, after the nation's foremost actors and musicians had given their all, the President would come on the air with a little five-minute talk urging everybody to go to the polls the next day. A vast audience had been captured for him by his Hollywood admirers. The Republicans, flaying about against the New Deal, could not compete with this parade of entertainment. Their political Hooper rating was as low as the Dodger batting average in the 1956 World Series.

The Republicans are not going to be caught without gimmicks and gadgets this time. And now they have television, a popular President of their own, and $7 million in the party treasury. There are pencils labeled "Ike," and earrings and sugar candy labeled "Ike," and even sheer women's nylons with "I Like Ike" stenciled around the ankles. There are jeweled beverage openers with hand-set stones reading "Ike" and gold-plated bobby pins, cuff links, and tie clasps, all heralding "Ike." Should it rain during crucial moments in the campaign the party faithful can wear slickers with the legend "Ike" emblazoned across the shoulders.

What is happening to the substance of American politics while this takes place? An example, it seems to me, was Harold E. Stassen's campaign to remove Vice President Nixon from the Republican ticket. I am not an admirer of Mr. Nixon. I believe he made a shabby campaign against me when he spoke in Oregon in 1954. But all that I heard from Harold Stassen was that Dick Nixon was running poorly in certain public-opinion polls. I never heard Mr. Stassen comment adversely on Mr. Nixon's ethics, views, policies, behavior, or character. Have we reached the point where a man is disqualified for office because front-porch surveys do not locate him at the top of the heap? Need no other reason be cited to bring about the downfall of Mr. Nixon or anybody else in national politics?

A disquieting new book entitled "Professional Public Relations and Political Power," by Stanley Kelley, Jr. (the Johns Hopkins Press, $4.50), contains this cynical comment by one of the public-relations men specializing in the promotion of candidates: "Politics is like war without the weapons of war. You are entitled to take the advantages you can get. The people are not interested in politics. They are too busy earning a living. . . . I think people are already tired of the baloney we feed them about our candidates being great men. Fifty per cent of what we say in a campaign is baloney."

This approach is not reassuring. It is devoid of ethics. No political campaign ever ought to justify putting the Sermon on the Mount and the Ten Commandments in some moral deep-freeze. But out of such an atmosphere as that created by this public-relations expert has come the frenzied and unscrupulous effort to associate one's political opponent with Communism or even treason against America. Under these circumstances

Aloud

By Robert Sward

HE TRIED to keep his words
to himself, to speak
but softly, to keep the words
near his mouth,
never to shout them away;
he said his words stiffly,
but they seemed gentle,
for they were always within touch
of his tongue, and his fright
made him kind, and he feared,
at first, what his kindness brought,
but then he began to trust, more,
and more, and let his words
go farther, and farther,
until they had gone away,
and then he spoke the words,
himself, voiceless and aloud.

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politics becomes like war. It is as cruel and unjust as war.

THIS brings me to my second point. *We have to control and curb the vast sums of money being spent to win American elections.* Political expenditures have reached fantastic proportions that can't help but confuse the issues before the people, breed that kind of supercautious, superslick "Madison Avenue" distortion I've already discussed, and eliminate many of the most desirable candidates from any part in political life. *The New York Times* estimates that $80 million may have been spent in the Presidential campaign of 1952. Far more will be disbursed this time. William S. White, the Pulitzer Prize correspondent of that newspaper, calculates that it takes a campaign treasury of at least $1 million to elect a United States Senator in a great industrial state and even $200,000 in a sparsely settled state. It is the prevalence of slush funds like this which encourages the costly campaign circuses, the highly-paid counselors in public relations, the dependence on such synthetic devices as balloons, contrived films, and gadgets and bric-à-brac.

Furthermore, do not huge campaign exchequers produce a curious double-standard in public life? If a minor Federal bureaucrat accepts a refrigerator or a pair of blankets or a trip to Miami from some source doing business with the Government, he is dragged up before investigating committees and perhaps even placed on trial for his freedom. Yet, while the unimportant Government clerk cannot accept a set of golf clubs, the candidate for high government office can collect sums ranging into the thousands for his campaign war-chest.

In addition, is there not something essentially hazardous to free elections if one candidate can enter the contest with a treasury amounting to millions of dollars, while his rival is practically penniless? Once it was possible for a nominee with a stout pair of lungs to reach the electorate simply by speaking at torchlight rallies and from the back platform of campaign trains. People attended such events with great zeal and faithfulness. This sort of undertaking was relatively inexpensive. But, today, the voters wait at home in their living rooms for the candidate's voice and visage to come in via the TV screen. And a single program over a national network can cost more, with production charges and line fees, than an entire campaign required in financial outlays four or five decades ago.

In my opinion the one feasible remedy was recommended to Congress nearly half a century ago by a bold Republican occupant of the White House, Theodore Roosevelt. Even at that early time he foresaw the danger of tolerating unlimited private financing of political candidates. President Roosevelt proposed in 1907 that each major party receive its coin of the realm out of the U. S. Treasury. This, he said, would accomplish two goals—it would lift off the yoke of big contributors, and it would give the parties financial equality in campaigns.

With such co-sponsors as Senators Wayne Morse of Oregon, Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, and Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, I have introduced a bill to accomplish the bulk of Theodore Roosevelt's suggestions. These are some of the bill's provisions:

1. A contribution from the Treasury to each major party, of twenty cents per voter during Presidential election years and of fifteen cents during Congressional election years.
2. To qualify for these donations a party must have polled at least 10 per cent of the popular vote in the last previous election.
3. Permission to the parties to raise by private subscription a total sum equal to their Federal contribution, provided no individual donor gives more than $100.
4. A reduction in the Government donation if the party violates these restrictions.
5. Administration of the law by a nonpartisan Federal Campaign Contribution Board, appointed by the President.

Under my proposal the Republican and Democratic parties each would have qualified for Government benefactions this year of $11,065,985. The sum in the Congressional campaign of 1958 would amount to $6,247,888. The 10 per cent qualification for major-party status would prevent frivolous or crackpot groups from tapping our Treasury. For example, the Dixiecrat and Henry Wallace third parties of 1948 would not have mustered sufficient strength to qualify under the terms of my bill. On the other hand, there have been two strong grassroots new-party movements during this half-century, and they would have readily qualified—Teddy Roosevelt himself and his Bull Moose Party of 1912, and the elder La Follette and his Progressive surge a dozen years later in 1924.

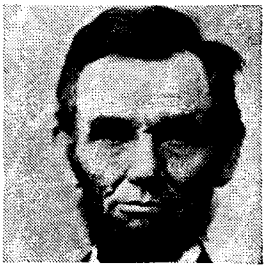
Unless we are able to prevent money from dominating our elections, we shall find that the political freedom of the American people has been gravely imperiled. This, in turn, could threaten the whole free world, which looks to the United States for enlightened leadership.

WHO ARE THESE ECCENTRICS ?

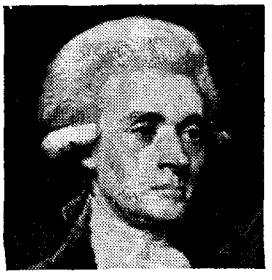
The Unusual and the Talented in the White House

1. Historian, literary stylist, and austere academician.

2. Hunter, dismounted cavalryman, and party revolutionary.



3. Raconteur, master politician, and military strategist.



4. Violinist, inventor, and political Rousseau-ist.

5. Philatelist, naval-history enthusiast, and annual Scrooge.

6. Duellist, judge, and lifelong Anglophobe.

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SR's *Book of the Week:*

"THIS HALLOWED GROUND"

Author: Bruce Catton

By T. HARRY WILLIAMS, *author of "Lincoln and His Generals."*

"THIS HALLOWED GROUND" (Doubleday, $5.95) is the latest publication in the Mainstream of America series, which aims to relate history in terms of people, and Bruce Catton's first big book since the completion of his justly acclaimed trilogy on the Army of the Potomac. It is both a distillation of his earlier work and a new treatment of new themes as the author applies his familiar techniques to other areas of the Civil War than the Eastern theatre. Subtitled "The Story of the Union Side of the Civil War," the book is not as comprehensive as this somewhat vague designation would seem to promise. In its pages of moving prose there is little or nothing of such topics as banking developments and legislation, currency issues, tariffs, industrial and agricultural expansion, political campaigns, and civilian life and morale. Essentially "This Hallowed Ground" is the Union soldiers' side of the Civil War. It is a vast panorama of the war, depicted through the medium of the people who in Mr. Catton's opinion were its most important actors, the generals and the men in the ranks, and related in terms of their reactions to the great events of which they were a part.

It is, however, much more than a mere surface description. Mr. Catton brings to Civil War historiography certain unique talents and techniques which make anything he writes distinctive. Probably no practitioner in the field excels him in ability to give the reader the feel of a period, to create the impression of reality in the illusive past. And this, one suspects, is because he has a genuine feel for people and their roles in history. A Wisconsin private makes an observation about the fugitive slaves hanging around camp or an Illinois soldier comments on some aspect of life in a Southern town; and as Mr. Catton recounts the scene it suddenly seems to come alive before us, and we think: this is the way it really was. Not that the author is always necessarily accurate with these impressionistic bits. Sometimes he is wrong and sometimes he overdoes them. But the general result is an extraordinary sense of reality, an almost uncanny feeling of witnessing men of the past speak and act. Moreover, Mr. Catton has the gift, also possessed by Carl Sandburg, of personal portraiture, of being able in a few phrases to describe and characterize people, big and small, so that they stick in the reader's consciousness. Finally, because he is an intelligent man and is not afraid to use his intelligence, and possibly because he is uninhibited by certain academic dogmas, Mr. Catton has original and penetrating insights into the nature of the war and the significance of its actors.

He sees, for instance, that the Civil War was a war of ideas and hence of unlimited objectives. One side or the other had to win a complete victory. Lincoln grasped this aspect of the struggle almost immediately: "He could recognize a revolutionary situation when he saw one, and he could act fast and ruthlessly to meet it." Furthermore, the Northern people, devoted to nationalism, regarded secession as revolution: "There could be no compromise with it; it would be fought whenever necessary with revolutionary weapons, which in effect meant with any instrument that came to hand." And so the war came, once it had been fought long enough, to be a force in itself, to be, in a sense, beyond the control of the men fighting it; "it began to impose its own conditions," to become more and more total until finally, as Mr. Catton remarks, the morale of a Mississippi planter or an Ohio farmer would be as signifi-

—*George Cserna.*

THE AUTHOR: "When I was growing up in northern Michigan," Bruce Catton, who was born in 1899 and brought up in the Little Traverse Bay region, reminisced the other day, "all the old men in town were Civil War veterans. We boys used to sit around and listen to their yarns, and see them parading in Fourth of July celebrations. There was one old fellow who used to beat his army drum at dusk on summer evenings. I grew up surrounded by the traditions of that war, and I suppose I always had the desire to write about it in the back of my mind." Through his years at Oberlin College, in the Navy during World War I, and on the staffs of the N.E.A. Service, *The Boston American*, *The Cleveland Post*, and *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*, he fed his interest by reading everything he could find about the Civil War. Then, one day when he was poking about a second-hand bookstore in Cleveland just before World War II, he found three old regimental histories of the Union Army. Full of details of camp life, personalities of soldiers and officers, and tactics at the company and battalion level, these books crystallized his desire to write about the war. "I had always wanted to get an enlisted man's eye view of the war," he says. These books, and the hundreds like them that he later found on the shelves of the Library of Congress, were written for distribution in the regimental associations that sprang up when the locally recruited units went back home, and men who had served together lived on as neighbors, cherishing their memories of the war. "I started on a novel about McClellan," says Catton, "but I soon discovered that I was no novelist." So he switched to a straight history of the Army of the Potomac, whose third volume, "A Stillness at Appomattox," brought him the Pulitzer Prize and a National Book Award in 1954. His sudden renown as a historian, on top of his years of experience as a working newspaperman, also brought him the editorship of *American Heritage* magazine, surely the adult equivalent of the small boy's dream job in a candy store.

Neither the American public nor Mr. Catton appears to be tired of books about the Civil War. As soon as he finished "This Hallowed Ground" he started work on the late Lloyd Lewis's unfinished life of U. S. Grant, and Doubleday's three-volume Centennial History of the Civil War. Catton feels that this resurgent and apparently insatiable interest in the Civil War is a product both of our coming of age as a nation and of our reaction to the difficult world of today. "We live in parlous times," he says, "and as my letters from readers of both North and South indicate, we look on the Civil War not as an excuse to wave the flag, but as an experience that may teach us something useful for today."

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

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cant as the condition of Bragg's or Grant's soldiers.

And then finally the war took a turn that few people had envisioned or intended at its beginning. By the very logic of the situation it became an antislavery war and therefore even more unlimited. When the South stared at defeat in 1864 it could not yield, because to yield would be to give up slavery, "the peculiar institution" that at last was taking its own revenge "by the singular dominance it exerted over the minds of men who had gone to arms to perpetuate it." The Confederate leaders never understood the moral issue inherent in slavery. "A nation dedicated to human freedom but cursed with this unconscionable barrier to freedom could not engage in a Civil War without letting loose a force that would destroy the barrier forever." Mr. Catton, more than most previous historians, ascribes primary importance to emancipation as a result of the war, because, he believes, the ending of slavery committed the nation permanently to the ideal of equal opportunity for all men and struck an heroic blow at racism.

Mr. Catton has some significant and suggestive things to say, too, about the military course of the war. The North might have won the war in the spring of 1862, he thinks, but mistakes by the high command and other factors gave the South a respite and the chance to organize a counter-attack. The real crisis of the war came in the autumn of 1862, when the Confederacy sent its two largest field armies slashing into Maryland and Kentucky: "Never afterward was a final Southern victory as close as it was in September 1862." But the thrusts were blunted and turned back at Perryville and Antietam, and the latter engagement was a decisive victory because it gave Lincoln an opening to proclaim emancipation and change the character of the war. Mr. Catton is in the select group of students of the war who grasp the strategic importance of the Tennessee River line. If after Chickamauga the Confederates had recovered Chattanooga the war would have been prolonged and perhaps its outcome would have been different. Chickamauga was the South's "supreme attempt to restore the lost balance," and when the attempt had failed the South could not make such an effort again.

The Civil War had added a new dimension to the national experience, concludes Mr. Catton, and would be the American people's permanent possession. Probably Mr. Catton's book will have a similar enduring place in Civil War literature.

The Greatness of Grant

"Lincoln Finds a General: Vol. 4, Iuka to Vicksburg," by Kenneth P. Williams *(Macmillan. 616 pp. $7.50), carries a monumental military study of the Civil War to the halfway point. Yale University's David M. Potter, author of "Lincoln and His Party in the Secession Crisis," is our reviewer.*

By David M. Potter

—*From the book.*

Ulysses S. Grant—". . . power of decision."

LATE in May 1863, six weeks before the surrender of Vicksburg, Abraham Lincoln wrote to his friend Isaac Arnold: "And now, my good friend, let me turn your eyes upon another point. Whether General Grant shall or shall not consummate the capture of Vicksburg, his campaign from the beginning of the month up to the twenty-second day of it, is one of the most brilliant in the world."

The lapse of more than ninety years has confirmed a verdict uttered in the enthusiasm of the moment, and Grant's Vicksburg campaign has held its place as a classic operation, unsurpassed in the military history of North America. For the fortress of Vicksburg not only enjoyed the advantage of being a natural Gibraltar; it was also situated in an amphibious country, too liquid for marching, too solid for navigating, and was set about on one side by a series of parapet-like hills and on the other by an incredible network of interconnecting but impassable bayous. It was from this staging-ground that Grant, after repeated failures, at last found a way to gain a foothold below the town. For the first eighteen days after he did this his men had only five days' rations, but he marched them 200 miles, threw them into five battles against two major Confederate armies, and gained five victories which enabled him to trap a force of 29,500 men and compel it to surrender a few weeks later.

Grant's achievement forms the primary theme of the fourth volume of Kenneth P. Williams's important new military history of the war "Lincoln Finds a General." Williams presents one of the most convincing portrayals ever written of Grant's greatness—his modesty and unselfishness, his judgment (so superbly balanced that its very evenness prevented it from appearing brilliant), his care for the men under him, and his truly unique moral power of decision. Williams also attacks with devastating effectiveness the two time-encrusted legends that Grant purposely cut communications to prevent Washington from countermanding his bold project, and that he was given to reckless bouts of drunkenness. On these points Williams subjects Sylvanus Cadwallader (the recently revived Chicago *Times* correspondent), Benjamin P. Thomas (Cadwallader's editor), and Earl Schenk Miers (author of "The Web of Victory") to close, raking criticism.

Williams's study, however, is far more than a history of any single campaign or commander. As it passes the halfway mark it begins to emerge with increasing clarity as the most comprehensive and probably the most authoritative over-all history of the war. As such, it must include the dull generals as well as the brilliant ones, and accordingly, the present volume, dealing with the campaigns in the West from the summer of '62 through that of '63, contains enough about Don Carlos Buell and William S. Rosecrans to surfeit all but the most insatiable readers. It also carries an immense cargo of factual detail, and it demands the unwavering attention of the reader as he threads through the narrative.

Most Civil War enthusiasts, if requested to name the great modern writers on the war, would probably place Douglas S. Freeman and Bruce Catton in a class by themselves—Freeman as the author of one of the world's best studies of a single great commander, Catton for his superb biography of a great army. Both Freeman and Catton, dealing with more

(*Continued on page* 24)

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In Search of a Motive

***"Compulsion," by Meyer Levin** (Simon & Schuster. 495 pp. $5), is a novel based on the infamous Leopold and Loeb case of 1924.*

By David Karp

WHEN the ordinary rules of decent human behavior are suspended by some criminal act, organized society is more often shocked and outraged than reflective and inquiring. The abduction, murder, and mutilation of Bobby Franks in 1924 by two brilliant college students named Loeb and Leopold sent an awful thrill of outrage through the nation.

The two young men came of distinguished and wealthy Chicago families. Their crime seemed utterly without motive, without the mitigating circumstances of anger or hatred or envy or even malice. It was, by their own description, an act of "pure" criminality, a demonstration of their freedom from the ordinary moral restraints of ordinary men.

The avowed purpose of Meyer Levin's "Compulsion" is to answer the anguished question of motive—the question which must have corroded the hearts and minds of the three families involved; the question which was too glibly answered by the prosecutor in terms of sex perversion and economic gain.

—Judith Sheftel.

Meyer Levin—". . . anguished question."

Mr. Levin describes his book as a "contemporary historical novel" and sets about giving us, in a thinly disguised form, the story of the two young men whom he calls Artie Strauss and Judd Steiner. Mr. Levin himself flits through the book, a contemporary of the two young men (as he actually was in real life). Mr. Levin's personal intrusion in the story is a serious distraction. Mr. Levin, the novelist, is a much more sophisticated man than the nineteen-year-old newspaper cub who stumbled on one important clue after another. The duality of the narrator-novelist does not make a complex story any simpler to follow. But fascinating it is, almost every word of it. This is a story out of Mr. Levin's heart and mind and experience, and the fiction and fact flow easily and readily together, though not so readily as to make it too difficult to tell where one leaves off and the other begins.

The pictures of Clarence Darrow for the defense, the emotional climate of the community, the shock and dismay and despair of the families of the two young men are all vividly drawn by the author. He has also managed to catch something of the witless bravado, the inept strutting of the two "super criminals" in such a way as to tell the reader, who was not there in 1924, that this was the way they were, this was the way they behaved in police custody. In physical details Mr. Levin carries us with great sweeps of conviction to believe everything he says. But what of the motive? What lay behind the gruesome crime?

Mr. Levin has much to say about the backgrounds of the two young men, the influence of governesses and doting parents, sexual symbolism, the half-baked philosophy of the precocious. But too many of Mr. Levin's explanations sound like do-it-yourself psychoanalysis and the net effect suggests that Mr. Levin's conclusions are no better than those drawn by observers of the two killers thirty-two years ago. Nonetheless, it is a graphic and absorbing reconstruction of an infamous crime.

—Studio Pietruszka.

Nadine Gordimer—"...perceptive observer."

Eternal Foreigners

***"Six Feet of the Country," by Nadine Gordimer** (Simon & Schuster. 241 pp. $3.50), is a collection of short stories by a South African writer.*

By William Peden

WITH "The Soft Voice of the Serpent," an impressive collection of short stories about her native South Africa, Nadine Gordimer made her literary debut in 1952. A year or two later her sensitive first novel "The Lying Days" demonstrated that hers was no ephemeral youthful talent. Now "Six Feet of the Country," a volume of fifteen stories most of which were originally published in *The New Yorker* and other American periodicals, confirms both the promise and the achievement of this young writer's earlier work.

The title story is characteristic of Miss Gordimer at her best. The setting is a small farm a few miles from Johannesburg (the scene of most of her best fiction; Miss Gordimer understands Johannesburg and South Africa the way James Joyce understood Dublin and Ireland). The narrative is related by a neurotic, mismated intellectual who, with his

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artistic wife, has fled the city and its tensions; in Johannesburg tension implies not only the hurry and confusion of a rapidly growing cosmopolitan center, but the presence of "guns under the white men's pillows and the burglar bars on the white men's windows, [and] those strange moments on city pavements when a black man won't stand aside for a white man."

The death of the visiting brother of the white couple's hired boys becomes a catalyst in the ensuing drama of mounting tension and misunderstanding, misunderstanding between *baas* and boy, between white man and black man, between husband and wife. This is a provocative and engrossing story; its implications, like the petals of an underwater blossom, are manifold and varied.

The problem of race is the center of several of Miss Gordimer's stories, including "Which New Era Would That Be?" a wry, sad commentary on the inability of the most well-meaning liberals of different races to understand each other; and "Happy Event," an outspoken commentary on the bleak gulf between white mistress and black servant—the paraffin tin on the veld with its dead black infant is as effective a symbol of individual and collective guilt as Coleridge's rotting albatross.

Misunderstanding is, indeed, the common chord in most of Miss Gordimer's fiction. "My First Two Women" depicts the undeclared warfare between a child and his stepmother; in "A Wand'ring Minstrel, I" the antagonists are a husband and wife; in "Clowns in Clover" vague, atavistic barriers separate a young girl and her mentally retarded uncle. A sense of undefined regret and sadness permeates these stories. Most of Miss Gordimer's people are "eternal foreigners" in their own countries; the themes of exile, alienation, and aloneness are as much a part of her work as they are of James Joyce's.

Miss Gordimer is a very versatile writer; she can be amusingly tart ("Dolly had let her hairdresser arrange her hair in a way that was meant for someone else's face") or compassionate or humorous as the individual situation requires. She is a perceptive observer blessed with a superior intelligence. She possesses, too, that rare commodity, an artistic conscience. Her work continuously is the product of the discipline that comes only with sincere belief in the importance of the medium in which she works. With "Six Feet in the Country" Nadine Gordimer

(*Continued on page* 25)

Young Ladies Come Lately

THIS season the popular lady novelists are starting young. Such precocious beginnings are nothing new to the literary world. In a newly published book entitled **"All the Happy Endings"** (Harper, $3.50), Helen Waite Papashvily records the history and the popularity of a score of nineteenth-century lady authors, many of whom (such as Mary J. Holmes and Augusta Evans Wilson) started at equally tender ages and are now forgotten. How many of the youthful ladies described below do you think will endure?

PAMELA MOORE, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a lady editor of *Photoplay Magazine,* wrote **"Chocolates for Breakfast"** (Rinehart, $3), a novel proving things have changed since the Campfire Girls had fun rubbing two sticks together. Her teen-age heroines progress rapidly to loose living.

ANNE BODART began writing the highly imaginative tales now published in **"The Blue Dog"** (translated by Alice B. Toklas; Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) at fourteen. Title story is typical: an unloved blue-skinned dog is shunted about until it dies in snowstorm "happy and white, after having lived sad and blue."

LUCY DANIELS is a twenty-two-year-old member of a famous Southern family (grandfather was Secretary of the Navy in World War I, father is a newspaper editor). Her **"Caleb, My Son"** (Lippincott, $2.75), is short, sympathetic story of segregation problem as seen through eyes of conservative Negroes.

FRANCOISE MALLET-JORIS, eldest of this group, has just published her second novel at age of twenty-six. It is **"The Red Room"** (translated by Herma Briffault; Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.50), a tale of a young Belgian girl's calculated viciousness against lover and stepmother, done up in appropriate red plush.

FRANCOISE SAGAN clearly stands alone. At twenty-one she has followed her initial triumph of "Bonjour Tristesse" with **"A Certain Smile"** (translated by Anne Green; Dutton, $2.95), a bed-burdened narrative just the right size for her publishers to be able to print the entire book on one huge sheet of paper.

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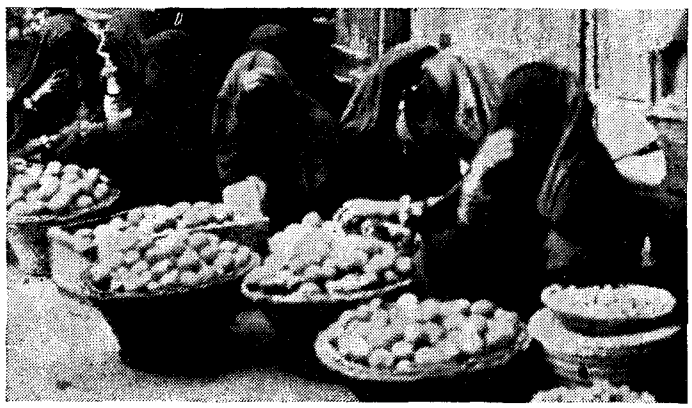

—From the book.

Arab women of the oasis of Qatif.

The Minds and Oil of Arabia

***"Heritage of the Desert," by Harry B. Ellis** (Ronald Press. 311 pp. $5), is a veteran* Christian Science Monitor *correspondent's report on the current situation in the Arab world. Hal Lehrman, our reviewer, recently returned from his sixth visit to that area as a free-lance author and correspondent.*

By Hal Lehrman

THE cold war for men's minds in the Arab world has prodded Moscow and Washington into heroic feats of publishing. Two days after the fall of Dienbienphu in remote Indochina, Harry B. Ellis reports in his new volume "Heritage of the Desert," Communist books on the French surrender—in Arabic—were already on sale at Damascus kiosks. To head Syrian readers away from such tracts the United States Information Service in Damascus offered a smash-bargain book club featuring thirteen volumes a year—Mark Twain and other solid American copy—for a total price of $1.50.

In the United States literature on the Middle East is not so cheap or speedy—but the need for an informed public opinion is at least as urgent. This book, the work of a member of *The Christian Science Monitor*'s excellent team of foreign correspondents, may fail at times to see the point of the evidence it contains. Nevertheless, the evidence itself is so rich and generally competent, the approach honest and the tone so sober, that the book deserves wide attention. Its subject is of terrible importance if straight public thinking is ever to snatch our policy-makers back from the brink of Middle East disaster on which they have lately been spinning.

To know how to deal with the Arabs it is obviously useful first to know the Arabs. How strong are they, how weak, how united, how divided? Mr. Ellis, like most of us who have been their charmed guests, feels warm and friendly toward them. This makes all the more impressive his ability to see them clearly. He has amassed a formidable array of proof to suggest that the Arabs, contrary to the dangerous fixation lingering in certain high Western quarters, are stupendously feeble.

"Arab unity today," he writes, "is largely a myth." This applies both to relations among Arab states and to relations among cliques and classes inside each state. He demonstrates it, in part, by recalling well-known matters of record. But much more effective, because they represent direct and original observations, are items from his own notebook during three years of Middle East reporting.

Thus he cites the tendency of Lebanese editors to attack their own Government under the inspiration of cash gifts from Saudi Arabia. Conversely, while King Saud and Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser are pledging unity to the death young Saudi army officers are being infected with revolutionary zeal against their monarch by their Egyptian colleagues. Syria and Lebanon are supposed to be blood brothers, but Moslem leaders in northwest Lebanon sometimes have to threaten secession to predominantly Moslem Syria to keep predominantly Christian Lebanon from shutting its Syrian border.

Amman, Jordan's capital, has lately boomed from mud huts into villas and magnificent government buildings—but only because of real-estate investments by wealthy refugees from Palestine. Mr. Ellis knows young Arabs, fresh from training in the United States, who have broken their hearts trying to introduce modern technique into their caste-ridden, traditionalist homelands. Iraq has launched a mammoth development program financed by oil royalties (which are piling up so fast that the figure cited by Ellis for funds on hand is already out of date by a half-billion dollars)—but "it is too early to tell" whether Iraq's feudal lords will allow these improvements to benefit anybody except themselves. In Saudi Arabia it is not too early. There is nothing to drive to for hundreds of miles around, but inside Saud's capital at Riyadh traffic is jammed by oil-purchased Cadillacs. In a 1953 strike, put down by Government force, native oil workers demanded that their American employers hold back a portion of the King's royalties and spend it on hospitals and schools.

Mr. Ellis has written a digest of all pertinent Arab history from pre-Bible times, with round-ups of the area as it is today in its whole and in its separate parts, plus selected personal experiences, all in one handy volume. The result is impregnably organized and packed with data, but it is more a manual than a bedside companion.

Regrettable in the light of Mr. Ellis's convincing testimony to Arab instability and unreliability is his conclusion that Western policy must somehow devise a scheme to "regain" the Arabs' "loyalties." He admiringly quotes Mario Rossi on the Soviets' shrewd realization that "to penetrate the Middle East they must proclaim loudly their resolve not to interfere." Yet he echoes the bromidic dictum of our Bourbon diplomats that we, on our side, must continue trying to make Arab politicians adore us. It ought to be clear by now that continued appeasement of potentates—instead of a program of self-respecting firmness—is the surest way to turn the Middle East into a Soviet province. Mr. Ellis might have drawn some useful inferences from the behavior of the Near East Foundation, whose technical contributions to Arab village health, education, and productivity he rightly commends. The Foundation has been successful and is esteemed by the Arabs, he observes, largely because it does not plead with local governments to accept its services and because it makes each government bear most of the expense.

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USSR in Flux

"Russia Without Stalin," by Edward Crankshaw *(Viking. 264 pp. $3.75), is the latest of a continuing series of surveys of the Soviet scene by a British journalist. Here it is reviewed by Alexander Dallin, member of Columbia University's Russian Institute.*

By Alexander Dallin

IN "Russia Without Stalin" Edward Crankshaw, a veteran British observer of the Russian scene, continues his periodic surveys of Soviet affairs. Like its predecessors—"Russia and the Russians" (1948) and "Cracks in the Kremlin Wall" (1951)—it is a well-written, astute, and entertaining book based in part on the author's own experiences in the Soviet Union. As in the earlier works, Mr. Crankshaw, a superb reporter, gives vivid and valuable pictures of life, portraits of citizens, vignettes of chance encounters in Russia—girl students, church-goers, black-marketeers, and Party fanatics. And like its forerunners, it is often a most enfuriating book when the author stops reporting and starts interpreting.

So long as he describes problems within his own experience Mr. Crankshaw is on solid ground. His chapters on the "literary thaw" after Stalin's death and on the mood of Soviet youth are perceptive. He says, persuasively, that Russia will stay socialist in some form. He has the courage to warn that some backward peasant elements and some obscurantist church-goers are nothing for Western liberals and humanists to bank on. He is truthful in describing the spirit of devotion among the younger professionals; the distorted image of the West in the people's minds; the variety of "hooligans" and "operators" who flourish in a system that flounders between doctrinal rigidity and fits of improvisation.

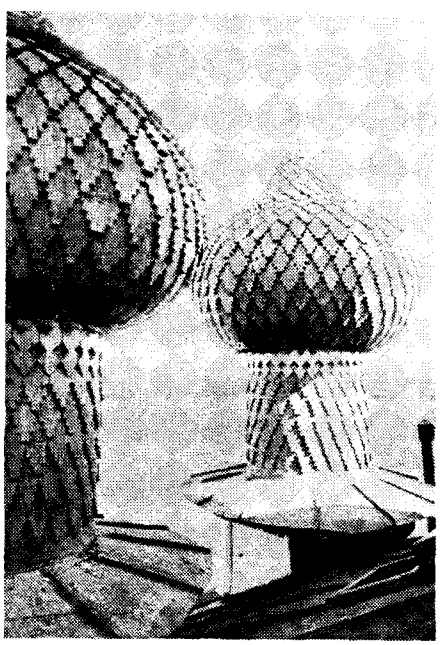
It is in his stabs at over-all interpretation that the author invokes the most questionable theses. Here are his same old stereotypes about the Russian national character, with its ostensible fits of enthusiasm and despondency, its lack of order and self-respect; and his same insistence that Leninism and Stalinism (the book was written before Khrushchev's anti-Stalin speech was publicized) amount to an incarnation of the national instinct, whose precursors were Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great.

Indeed, in a flair for contrariness, Mr. Crankshaw—whose anti-Com-

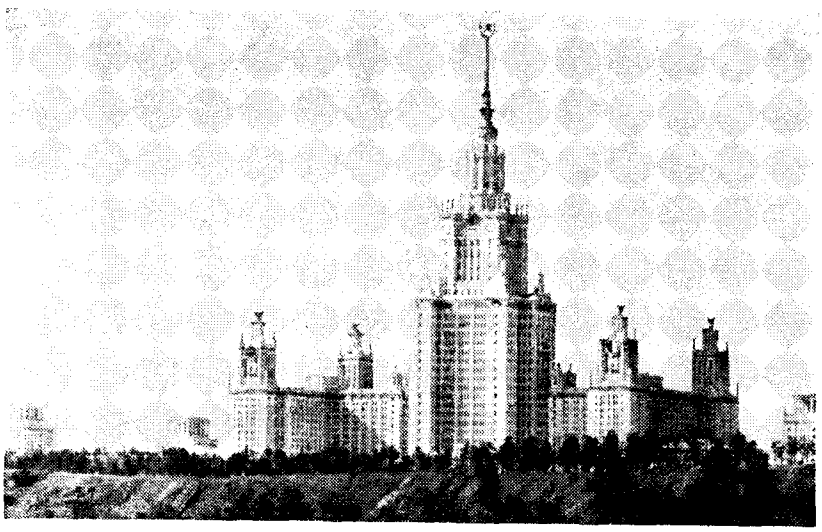
(*Continued on page* 27)

A Camera-Eye Look Through the Iron Curtain

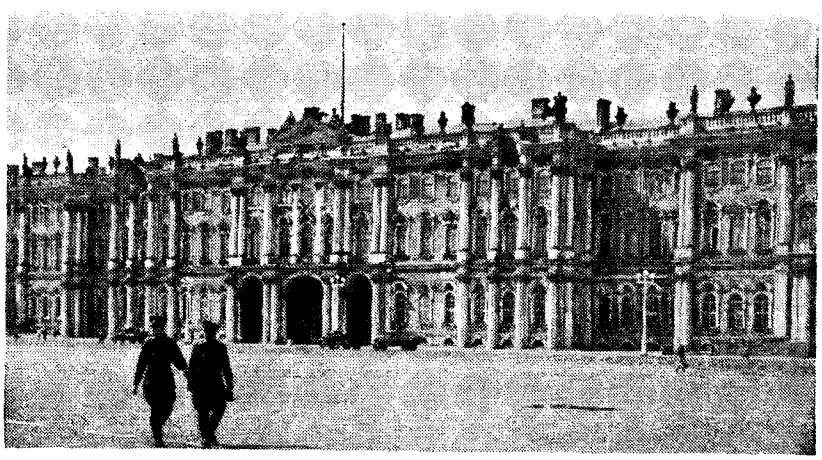
Since the death of Stalin the globe's largest land is losing its distinction of being one of the least known. Along with tourists, cameramen are now in some degree welcome to Russia. Capitalizing on the activities of the latter, a French professor, Alfred Fichelle, has gathered 170 photographs into a volume "Russia in Pictures" (Studio-Crowell, $6) to illustrate the extraordinary variety of its peoples, cultures, and topography. An inkling of the contrasts is provided by the photographs of buildings reproduced here.



Onion-shaped towers of nineteenth-century church in northwest USSR.



Twentieth-century grandeur: University buildings, covering 420 acres of the hilly part of Moscow, opened in 1953.



Czarist grandeur: The Winter Palace of Leningrad, built in the eighteenth century and restored a century later.

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Science and Sense

THE most difficult problem before science today is not in finding new ways of doing things but finding enough important new things to do. The pace of science is now so fast that it is rapidly running out of major assignments. To be sure, on the technological level it can keep itself busy for many years to come in working out improved methods, especially with respect to the utilization of atomic energy or electronics or both. But its supply of big new challenges is running low.

What is it you would have man invent? Space ships for interplanetary travel? Some of the principal stumbling blocks that have baffled scientists for centuries have now been removed. For example, a new metal skin now exists with a "breathing" system that will enable man-made spaceships to fly at many times the speed of sound through outer space without burning up. It is just a matter of time before the other problems of space travel are similarly conquered.

Would you have science find a mechanical way for duplicating the magic of photosynthesis in nature by which sunlight is transformed into plant growth and chemical compounds? The advance approaches to this goal have now been worked out. It is by no means unlikely that the next few years will see an important break-through on this front. Once this happens, human hunger will be the result of human error or stupidity rather than actual food shortages.

Would you have science tap the basic energy of the sun? This has already been done. Solar heat traps have already been devised that can store energy directly from the sun, to be used for heating, cooling, or any of the wide range of electrical purposes. Admittedly, the existing traps are rather crude but science anticipates nothing insurmountable in the way of a prodigious advance. The significance of this for Southeast Asia and Africa, where the supply of sunshine is out of all proportion to the existing sources of energy, is vast and inspiring.

Would you have science invent an electronic brain that not only deals with facts but actually remembers them? This development, which has long baffled the men who created the electronic brain, is now an actuality. A remembering machine now exists. Its principal features are being incorporated into many of the new models of the electronic brain.

Would you have science control rainfall? This, too, on the theoretical front at least, is less of a mystery than it was only a few years ago. Research findings are now coming in on the atmospheric changes that can be induced by sudden and tremendous pressure bursts under certain conditions. Man can package and release as much energy as he needs—a hydrogen explosion being the specific means. The main question, of course, concerns not the availability of massive energy but an understanding of the conditions that will produce beneficial results.

Some caution, however, is necessary in drawing up the new assignments. The trouble does not end when we get science to do its new jobs; more likely, it only begins. When science delivers the goods now ready or on order, not a single additional cubit of wisdom will thereby be brought into the world. For there still remains the biggest problem of modern man—perhaps even bigger than war: what to do with himself. As he ceases to be a creature of endless toil, poverty, and famine, he is apt to find himself liberated into nothingness. His leisure time can become more of a curse than the plagues of old.

For leisure does not carry with it automatically the birth and growth of purpose. It does not of itself make visible new horizons or lead to adventures in the fulfillment of an individual's potential. It is as neutral as the calendar. It can set the stage for meaningless distractions, expunging and consuming the awareness and the sensitivities in man that lend him his uniqueness.

EDUCATION today has before it many new jobs. It is doubtful, though, whether any of them is greater than the job of educating for freedom in its most literal form. The bounty consists not only of more leisure hours but of increased life expectancy. If all that were required here was increased emphasis on hobbies, the problem would be non-existent. What is actually required is the making of a new man—someone who has confidence in the limitless possibilities of his own development, someone who is not intimidated by the prospect of an open hour, someone who is aware that science may be able to make an easier world but only man can make a better one.

It is twenty-five years since Albert Einstein called attention to the fact that science could not produce happiness until man produced sense. That is why we had better be careful about what it is we ask of science. We are likely to get it. —N. C.

Lines for the Ancient Scribes

By Harvey Shapiro

THE past sends images to beach
Upon our present consciousness.
The sons of light war with the sons
Of darkness still. The congregations
Of the sleek and sure rule at will.

Jerome and Origen can tell
How Greek redactions of the text
Stalled at the Tetragrammaton.
And violent in archaic script
The Name burned upon parchment—

Whence springs the ram to mind
again
From whose sinews David took
Ten strings to fan upon his harp.
So that the sacrifice was song,
Though ash lay on the altar stone.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LET THE U.N. LOGROLL?

I HAVE READ with interest the editorial "Converting Red Tape Into Food" (*SR* Sept. 15).

It might interest your readers to note that while I was on a trip around the world I discussed with heads of state and cabinet ministers the unpopularity of our nation arising from bilateral agreements for the giving away of our $9 billion of farm surplus. If it were 20 billion we would do something about it. If it were 2 billion we would clean it up. But as one wise banker once said, because of our strong economy we can stand 9 billion, and hence we find the situation tolerable and do nothing.

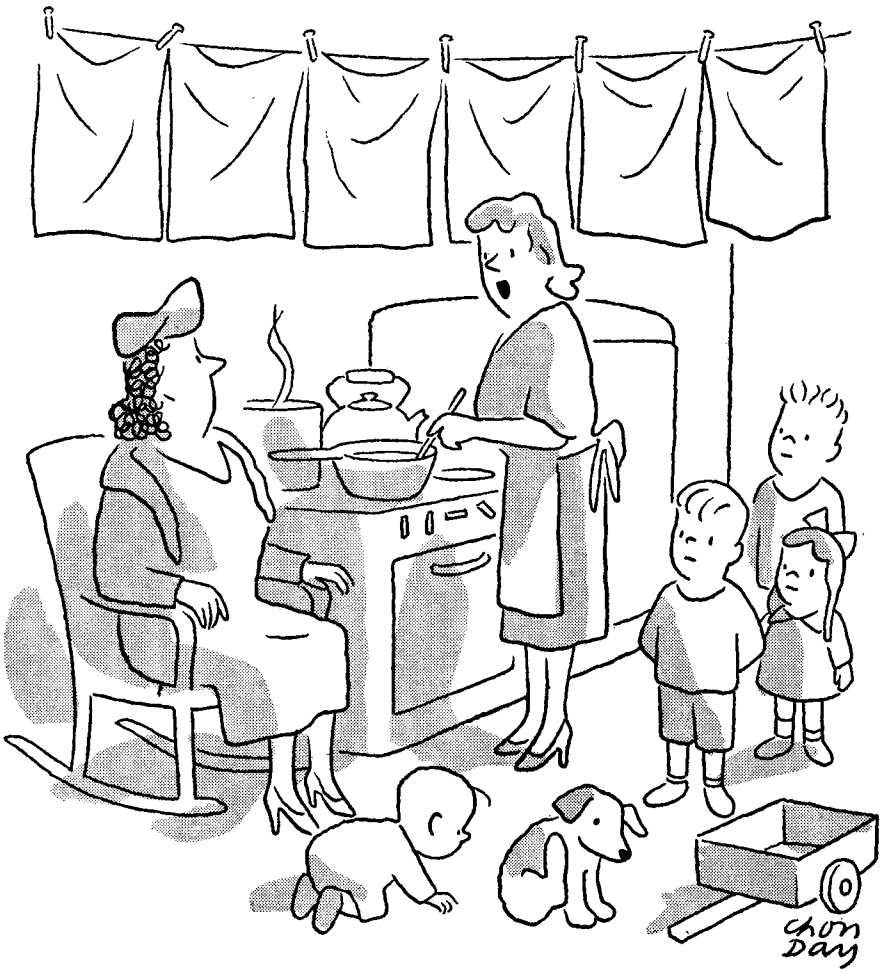
Aside from stockpiling food for days of emergency, I suggested that we should consider giving our surplus to the U.N. so as to let many nations debate and log-roll the disposal of this vast wealth. If the food is sold, the money received, no matter in what currency, should be returned to our Treasury for the benefit of our taxpayers, or more particularly, earmarked for the future benefit of the farmers, and more precisely for the small farmer. If such a policy and program were accepted by the U.N. the nations of the world would soon learn the heartache of the log-rolling required to dispose of wealth, and members of the U.N. would make their own enemies.

Above all, I am persuaded that bilateral agreements with respect to food are long outdated. I was in Burma when Mr. Dulles was trying to buy some goodwill from Japan by giving some of our rice cheap to Japan. Probably no one told him that Burma's economy, its balanced budget, and its export economy rested primarily on rice and that the goodwill we purchased by the gift to Japan was probably more than offset by the hurt we did to Burma.

Maybe those who are unhappy about the misery arising to us out of our excess food production have never dreamed big enough. I have a hunch that only the improbable will be accepted by the people of our Republic.

MORRIS L. ERNST.

New York, N. Y.



"Yes, *Life* has been very good to me. They offered me a three-year renewal at a whopping saving of four dollars."

WOMAN THINKS OF WOMAN

I HAVE WONDERED whether every letter received by you in regard to "Think of a Man" (*SR* Aug. 4) has been a eulogy. I hope you will not mind my taking the liberty of making some criticism; to me the canvas seems a little too broad and the constructive elements in it not sufficiently spotlighted. The information in regard to MAN's achievement of the power to destroy to which you give so much space and detail is common knowledge—sometimes I think he is just a little proud of it.

Apparently in your survey of civilization WOMAN has made no contribution worthy of being mentioned. I am sorry to say it as I am not a feminist in the strict sense of the word and do not wish to give that impression. Mrs. Charles Beard once wrote that the "care of life" had been woman's preoccupation since the dawn of history; it still is but it is not spectacular. And naturally you could not do more for the illuminators of mankind than include them in your recommendation for thought.

I am of the opinion that all will not be lost, that there are certain indestructible elements which elude man's power to destroy.

MIRA C. SAUNDERS.

Pasadena, Calif.

THOUGHT WITHOUT VISION

"THINK OF A MAN" is an interesting analysis of the problems of the day.

However, the construction of the article reflects the general weakness inherent in our national thinking. For example, the men N.C. thinks of are, first, the scientists, some of whom created this bugaboo. Along towards the end he brings in the makers of beauty and the prophets of religion. This reversed hierarchy may be at the root of our problem. For this is more than the makings of science, this crisis that we face. It is an attitude of "pure thought" developed by extraordinary men with a devotion to Pure Thought. They had enormous integrity, these men. They made spectacular discoveries. They were, mostly, gentle men who are now confounded by a decade of dismay. Their beautiful instruments are so lethal that they can no longer be used as instruments. But there is one thing they overlooked. The climate of pure thought was based on a feeling that morality would inhibit insight.

This is what happens when you get force without vision. This is what happens when you contend that meaning and purpose are beyond the scope of our endeavors. This is what happens when you voluntarily renounce conscience. Our national thought is so bankrupt that we can describe our ultimate aspirations by the word *survival*. Our profoundest injunction to our warriors is the word *retaliation*—a word that clearly implies loss of initative.

TED R. CARMACK.

Twentynine Palms, Calif.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Martin's "Tempest," Orchestras Near and Far

SOMEDAY somebody will make an orchestral suite from Frank Martin's setting of "The Tempest" and the contemporaries of that time will wonder why such a fine score isn't performed more often. Those who heard the first American performance under the direction of Erich Leinsdorf in the City Center in mid-October could provide the answer—there is about a suite's-worth of absorbing music in the score, virtually all of it is in the writing for the orchestra, and what happens with the vocalists is more often than not a mere mental, rather than musical, counterpoint.

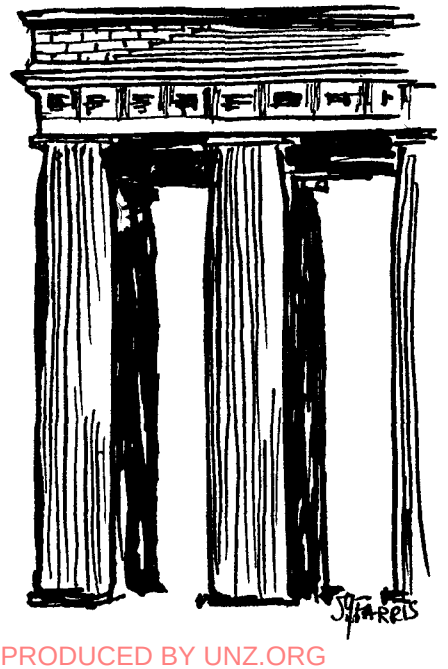
About the only consistent thing in the Swiss-born Martin's setting of the Shakespearian text is an equivocation between a kind of incidental music to the stage action, passages that are declaimed rather than sung, and others that are merely spoken while everything else stops. An offstage chorus and chamber orchestra were, in this production, arranged on either side of the turntable on which the action took place, and were thus in plain view whether performing or not.

There were, perversely, several aspects of Shakespeare's fantasy-comedy that were admirably reflected in Martin's score. The mystical, mischievous character of Ariel was beautifully suggested in several lighthearted episodes (perfectly enacted, incidentally by a gifted dancer named Raimonda Orselli), the roistering scenes of Stephano (Cornell MacNeil), Caliban (Richard Humphrey), and Trinculo (Michael Pollock) had an authentically winey flavor (especially a bit of musical imagery to suggest the glugging of the wine being poured), and the jazzy interlude near the end of Part I, with its apt use of the saxophone, made sense to the ear.

However, this does not account for the main dialogue in which the play is carried forward, and which, in Martin's treatment, was mostly dull; nor does it answer for the love interest of Miranda and Ferdinand. There were a few moments, especially in the second part, where the lyric spark threatened to burst into flame, but it was never fanned sufficiently before the orchestra intruded into the scene and took, so to speak, the heat off the vocalists. Prevailingly, the principal complaints against this "Tempest" are it: a) Doesn't sing; b) Is overcomplicated harmonically and undernourished melodically; c) Never solves the problem of evolving a musical speech suitable to the subject. Despite the preservation of most of Shakespeare's text, it was extremely hard to follow word by word, and the striving to do so irked the mind as well as fatigued the attention.

That some of this must be attributed to the performers was attested by the relative intelligibility of Richard Cassilly, who moved forward from the good impression he left as an alternate for David Poleri in "Saint of Bleecker Street" to sing a sturdy, well-sounding performance. At the same time, his vis-a-vis Priscilla Gillette (the only female in the cast) was hardly understandable at all from where I sat. Michael Pollock's Trinculo was better than most in this respect, as were his drinking companions Cornell MacNeil and Richard Humphrey. Otherwise, there were minutes at a time when Richard Wentworth (Sebastian) and Antonio (Gregory Millar) could not be followed even syllabically. Joshua Hecht (Alonso), Kenneth Smith (Prospero), Donald Gramm (Gonzalo), and Rudolf Petrak (Adrian) had the other principal parts.

When everything was going well in this "Tempest," in one of the episodes of effective music, or with Miss Orselli bounding about the stage, the mood was happily completed by the staging of Leo Kerz, the costumes designed by Leo van Witsen, and the make-up supervised by Michael Arshansky. This was a sound theatrical venture which, at its best, gave the City Center an air of professionalism that it has not always had in the past. It is no small task to teach such a stylistically individual score to a cast. Leinsdorf not only did the teaching well, but commanded a performance as well.



Taken altogether, it was a good thing to have done—as a demonstration of the thinking of a high-ranking musician on the subject of theatre music—and an applaudable one to have done as well as it was. People who are interested in that subject will find "The Tempest" a stimulating if not wholly ingratiating evening.

IT IS always a pleasure to hear the Philadelphia Orchestra, but it is something of a privilege to have it open the symphony season in Carnegie Hall as it did in mid-October. For then one knows the season has started with the best, that the ear has been attuned to the highest possible standard after its long between-season respite, and that whatever follows has been challenged to match the championship standard.

Withal, the opening program conducted by Eugene Ormandy was something of a mitigated pleasure, for he chose to drop two movements from the sequence of Mozart's D major Divertimento (K. 334) and the first hearing of Ralph Vaughan Williams's Symphony No. 8 did not give it high rank among this master's creations. For such a gently pensive work as the Mozart Divertimento, the robust Philadelphia strings tended to be almost brutally brilliant and officious. Ormandy inclined to jet-propelled tempi for this horse-drawn carriage, save in the Minuet which was ponderous. The finale had the most Mozartian character, but still not enough.

Vaughan Williams, now in his eighties, can be commended for a work of independent mind and effervescent spirit, especially in the second movement (scherzo) for woodwinds and brass. This is a valiant little musical joke that only a great composer could achieve. However, I found the opening "Fantasia" (subtitled "Variations without a Theme"), the slow movement for strings (Cavatina), and the final Toccata (percussion-dominated) a little lacking in thematic essence, a thin broth of very well-flavored sound. If anything stood out at first encounter, it was the alignment of movements in terms of contrasting color values. Few orchestras, as indicated above, can match this one in glamorizing the sound values of any work it plays, which is, perhaps, why the final Toccata earned a rousing response from the audience. A nonnovelty, guaranteed to be without *a priori* plan (Beethoven's Symphony No. 5), completed the program.

The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra,

(*Continued on page* 57)

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Doxy in the Bush

THE phalarope is a small shore bird resembling the sandpiper. Its apparent significance in "Too Late the Phalarope" is that the settling of an argument over this bird's migratory habits serves to bring together a stern Dutch Afrikaner and his adult son, Pieter. At the same time Pieter and his wife make a start towards settling their sexual problem. But, as the title implies, all this happens too late to "save" Pieter, which is an echo of Alan Paton's great fear that needed reforms in South African race relations may also come too late.

Yale Libott's adaptation of Mr. Paton's novel is both ambitious and sensitive. And John Stix has brought great taste and honesty to the staging. As a result Barry Sullivan, who plays Pieter, becomes a figure of near-tragic proportions. His stature is established immediately, when in the opening scene Pieter in his capacity as Police Lieutenant catches a young man about to fornicate with a Negro girl. The strict South African Immorality Act defines such relations as a crime punishable not only by a long prison term but also by permanent social disgrace. Charitably, Pieter lets the young man go. But though the young man is restored to *tribal health* and the acquisition through fear of a conventional loathing of heteroracial contact, his guilt and illicit desire seem taken over by the stronger Pieter. Although it is not stated, one wonders if part of the attraction of Pieter for this native girl is not the opportunity of atonement for the past sins of white rule. Perhaps Pieter unconsciously wants to get caught, wants to suffer disgrace.

But the play cannot linger very long in this pure area. The facts of the story must be demonstrated, and no matter how hard directors and actors try to keep us aware of the larger forces domestic details tend to reduce the whole business to the narrower and pettier motives of everyday life and/or dramaturgical convention.

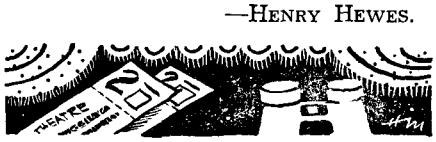
In the second act the script makes the mistake of seeming to build ordinary excuses for Pieter to commit what has been foreshadowed as an extraordinary act. His wife has forced him into an extended period of celibacy by visiting her family for a holiday. He is having trouble at the office with an unruly subordinate. His father has been offering him no bachelor good fellowship. And just before the "crime" his cousin, Anna, has been hotting him up with an afternoon of drinking and flirting that cannot be consummated. These excuses again reduce the size of the play, making Pieter seem more the victim of glands and circumstance than of his impulse to be human.

Then the short seduction scene is so simply and beautifully done that the family reconciliations that follow seem not only too late but too tepid. And the play's final two scenes contain such a rush of events and conventional dramatic attitudes that tragedy tends to disintegrate into melodrama.

Because of the personal sensitivity and intelligence and strength that Mr. Sullivan brings to the role, we are surprised to find Pieter worried by domestic strife and provincial notions. True, that is the way it often is in life, with men of heroic potential being squashed into crawling breadwinners and patient sufferers of social and familial smallness. And possibly this play is more concerned with including this lifelike truth than it is in finding a pure dramatic form.

THE truth is included handsomely thanks to simple performances by Finlay Currie as the father, Laurinda Barrett as the wife, Janine Manatis as the flirting cousin, and a host of minor characters. Paul Mann makes a gauche social worker into something showy and funny without losing convincingness. And Ellen Holly is bewitching as the instinct-guided native girl. George Jenkins has splendidly solved a difficult scenic problem with style-filled painted backdrops that come three-dimensionally alive by use of lighting. And Josef Marais has warmed the proceedings with South African folk songs. The sum total is an evening of theatre that, though imperfect in form and somewhat overstuffed with plot detail, runs deeper and shoots closer to life than any play on Broadway. Furthermore, it has a universality that makes it immediately applicable to everyone's compulsion to rebel against or overdo restrictive orthodoxy of any kind.

—HENRY HEWES.



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Civil War

Continued from page 15

limited themes, gave play to their literary talent and their genius for discerning the evocative human details. Williams, by contrast, dealing with a broader theme, holds his factual prose on a tight rein, and only occasionally does a flash of dry wit, pungent appraisal, or laconic eloquence break through to show the literary resources which he might deploy if he wished. His books, therefore, are not likely to enjoy the popular following that Freeman and Catton command. But his vast knowledge of the "Official Records," his critical eye for the lapses of many previous authors who are corrected in his footnotes, his incomparably accurate and detailed narrative make him an authority as commanding as any, and establish for him a place with Freeman and Catton as one of a great triumvirate of Civil War historians.

PICKETT'S MEN: As a combatant in the Nineteenth Virginia Infantry from First Manasass to the end of the Civil War, William Nathaniel Wood saw his share of action, notably in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. He set down his recollections in the 1890s, and they were privately printed in book form in 1909. Bell Irvin Wiley of Emory University has now brought out a reissue of **"Reminiscences of Big I"** (McCowat-Mercer Press, Jackson, Tenn., $3.95) with a thoughtful introduction and appendix material on Wood's fellow men in gray.

"Big I" was apparently Wood's army nickname, but he does not seem vainglorious; rather, his account of his company, in which he became a junior officer, reflects deep feelings for the men he fought with. This is especially evident in Wood's narrative of Pickett's charge, a clear. searing account of bravery at its best and most costly.

Wood was a simple and vivid storyteller, without philosophical garnish. So he relates directly what happened on the march, in camp, in the trenches, and in battles. Professor Wiley deserves thanks for adding this memoir to the growing body of soldier-witness stories of the Civil War.

—ALDEN WHITMAN.

A Year of the Civil War

A YEAR AGO this week *SR* asked the Civil War authority Benjamin P. Thomas to speculate a bit as to why his specialty was that season's largest and perhaps most popular literary category. "The Civil War was our supreme national experience," he suggested. "It tested our traditions. It forged our national character. It dedicated us irrevocably to the cause of freedom—everywhere and for all time."

One of the books reviewed in the issue in which Mr. Thomas wrote—MacKinlay Kantor's "Andersonville"—has remained high on the best-seller lists ever since. But in the intervening fifty-two weeks it has been offered competition by several dozen other Civil War books, some fiction but the large part of them fact, most of which have been duly reviewed in these columns. Nor is the end of the rush in sight; indeed, it seems likely to increase in volume as 1961, the centenary of the war's outbreak, approaches.

Below is a check list, not complete but certainly representative, of the better Civil War books published during the last twelvemonth.

THE MAN WHO ELECTED LINCOLN. *By Jay Monaghan. Bobbs-Merrill.* $4.50. Charles H. Ray, the editor of *The Chicago Tribune,* which took an important part in building Lincoln's political reputation, is the subject of this biography. Unfortunately, David M. Potter notes, "never does [Ray] emerge . . . as a three-dimensional person."

THE HORSE SOLDIERS. *By Harold Sinclair. Harper.* $3.95. A tale of high adventure about the heroes who rode across Mississippi in Ben Grierson's cavalry. Earl Schenck Miers says it "deserves a place in the first rank of recent American historical fiction."

LINCOLN'S SONS. *By Ruth Painter Randall. Little, Brown.* $5. The first book-length account of the Civil War President's four boys—but, says Harry E. Pratt, "there is much yet to be gleamed from sources barely tapped."

YANKEE REPORTERS, 1861-1865. *By Emmet Crozier. Oxford University Press.* $6. An account of Northern journalism during the Civil War with the emphasis upon battle reporting. T. Harry Williams liked it, calling it "a reporter's story of reporters."

LINCOLN'S FIFTH WHEEL. *By William Quentin Maxwell. Longmans, Green.* $5. A political history of the U.S. Sanitary Commission in the Civil War. Richard N. Current described it as "a grim account of Samaritans at work."

THE DESOLATE SOUTH: 1865-1866. *By John T. Trowbridge. Edited by Gordon Carroll. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $6. A new rendering of a Northerner's classic eyewitness report on the post-bellum South.

GRAY FOX: Robert E. Lee and the Civil War. *By Burke Davis. Rinehart.* $6. Stanley F. Horn called this one-volume biography of the Confederate general "a well-presented picture of a great military leader."

ROBERT E. LEE. *By Earl Schenck Miers. Knopf.* $2.50. T. Harry Williams says of this addition to the Great Lives in Brief Series, "the best biography available for the reader who is looking for an introduction to Lee."

SICKLES THE INCREDIBLE. *By W. A. Swanberg. Scribner.* $6. The biography of an extraordinary rogue who was a general in the war. Earl Schenck Miers notes that Mr. Swanberg "understands this age, when villainy and heroism often came perilously close to being the same thing."

LINCOLN AND THE TOOLS OF WAR. *By Robert V. Bruce. Bobbs-Merrill.* $5. A somewhat anecdotal account of the Civil War President's interest in gadgets with a military use. Richard N. Current says that Mr. Bruce has found "something new to say about Abraham Lincoln . . ."

MR. LINCOLN'S ADMIRALS. *By Clarence Edward Macartney. Funk & Wagnalls.* $5. The maritime view of the conflict with many lively anecdotes, but, says Theodore Roscoe, "the seams of historicity show."

CIVIL WAR ON WESTERN WATERS. *By Fletcher Pratt. Holt.* $3.50. The amphibious campaign of the Mississippi is the subject of careful research. Theodore Roscoe calls it "superior reading."

LINCOLN RECONSIDERED. *By David Donald. Knopf.* $3. Nine essays concerned with the "mythical" Lincoln versus the "realistic" Lincoln. According to David M. Potter, "a genuinely brilliant answer."

SO FELL THE ANGELS. *By Thomas Graham Belden and Marva Robins*

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Belden. Little, Brown. $5. The story of Salmon P. Chase, the Civil War Treasury Secretary who wanted to be President, and of his strong-minded daughter, Kate. David M. Potter called it "one of the most striking American biographical studies in recent years."

QUANTRILL AND THE BORDER WARS. *By William Elsey Connelley. Pageant.* $7.50. The sensational exploits of the Confederate guerrilla chieftain whose Kansas and Missouri raids have become a legend. Hal Bridges places this in "a bygone school of theatrical antiquarianism."

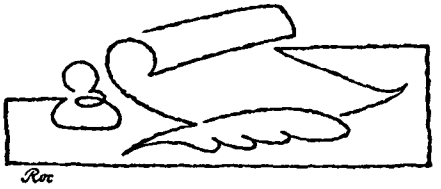
GRAY GHOSTS AND REBEL RAIDERS. *By Virgil Carrington Jones. Holt.* $4.50. The derring-do of Confederate rangers behind Union lines. Of it Robert S. Henry says "an absorbing yarn of daring adventure."

REBEL BOAST. *By Manly Wade Wellman. Holt.* $3.95. The story of five North Carolina farmboys and their part in the war. Burke Davis described it as "an arrestingly original book."

SOUTH AFTER GETTYSBURG: Letters of Cornelia Hancock 1863-1868. *Edited by Henrietta Stratton Jaquette. Crowell.* $4. The Quaker lady who taught freedmen after the Civil War had "the eye of a first-rate reporter," notes Alden Whitman.

LINCOLN'S CHOICE. *By J. O. Buckeridge. Stackpole.* $5. The importance of the seven-shot repeater, the invention of Christopher Spencer, is the subject of more Civil War research. Alden Whitman writes "Mr. Buckeridge faults his case by overstating it."

TO BE PUBLISHED LATER THIS FALL: "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," edited by Ned Bradford. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $8.95. . . . "The Civil War," edited by Otto Eisenschiml, Ralph Newman and E. B. Long. Grosset & Dunlap. 2 vols. $10. . . . "The Sable Arm," by Dudley Taylor Cornish. Longmans, Green. $6. . . . "Rebel Brass: The Confederate Command System," by Frank Vandiver. Louisiana State University Press. $3. . . . "The Decisive Battle of Nashville," by Stanley F. Horn. Louisiana State University Press. $3. . . . "Sherman's March Through the Carolinas," by John G. Barrett. University of North Carolina Press. $6.



Fiction

Continued from page 17

emerges from the category of gifted beginner and assumes the stature of one of the most distinguished younger contemporary writers.

Man in the Shadow

***"Malone Dies," by Samuel Beckett** (Grove Press. 120 pp. Paperbound, $1.25), is a short, cryptic novel by the author of "Waiting for Godot."*

By Jerome Stone

THOSE who found themselves mystified by last season's play "Waiting for Godot" are likely to have the same reaction to a new book by its unrelentingly experimentalist author Samuel Beckett, Irish by birth, French by adoption. But like the play, this new novel "Malone Dies"—short, dense, cryptic—offers its rewards as well as its mystifications.

In bed, in a room barren but for a few worthless and broken possessions which he retrieves or pushes from him with a crooked stick, Malone, alone, lies dying. The room may be in an asylum of some sort, or perhaps just a house, abandoned except for a withered arm which pushes his food through the doorway; Malone doesn't know, for his excruciatingly acute brute self-awareness is matched only by his determined oblivion to the world (if there is one) around him. Too withdrawn from life even to await its ending with anything but a weak and fitful curiosity, he amuses himself by writing a story about an abject wretch who resembles him. He frequently interrupts it, sometimes in disgust or boredom, sometimes to report minutely on his own decomposing state of affairs, both internal (he becomes deaf to certain sounds) and external (food is no longer proffered him, and he drops his grappling stick, thus losing touch with his possessions). But he always returns to the tale, often leaving huge gaps in its narrative continuity, until at last it comes to a kind of climax, potent in its awful symbolism, involving a group of madmen on a bloody picnic. Then it ends, in mid-breath, as Malone parts company with life, and as author Beckett parts company with Malone.

Actually Beckett has never parted company with Malone. Whether he is named Malone, Murphy, Watt, or Molloy (as he has been in other of Beckett's novels) he is only another version of one protagonist: the hermetically self-sealed solipsist whose mind, in mad lucidity, gnaws away like a galvanized mouse at the trivial underpinnings of man's logical existence, until the whole superstructure of the world of human dignity is reduced to a tissue of nihilistic absurdity.

It is easy to "refute" Beckett, to reassure oneself (thank God) that this isn't the way things are at all. But Beckett happens to be a master stylist, whose words are assigned their values with almost mathematical precision, and whose total meaning is something far more complex than simply a statement of deep negation shot through (perhaps because it is beyond despair) with a wild Irish humor. Sometimes as we watch his characters wandering through the vivid darkness, their brains clicking like Geiger counters, yet lost even among the simplest categories of space and time, we catch some fragment of ourselves in a gesture of shivering acquiescence. It is then that we slam the book shut in half-fearful impatience and disgust, which is exactly what Mr. Beckett wants of us.

This happens when Beckett's at his best, which he is oftener in "Molloy," published a few months ago by the same press, than in the present book. But "Malone Dies" is still sheer Beckett, and there is no one quite like him, which is probably just as well.

DIRTY WORK IN THE D. A.'S OFFICE: In his novel **"The Prosecutor"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), Justice Bernard Botein dissects the District Attorney's Office of New York County through the story of Edgar Bailey, brilliant, ambitious, unscrupulous, a cold-blooded careerist who rockets to headlines by ruthless manipulation of the powers entrusted to him by law. Under the loose line of authority of the pre-Repeal era, Bailey is able to crucify the innocent, protect the guilty, betray his colleagues, steal their cases, hypocritically develop a crusader's reputation, and ultimately threaten his exemplary, forbearing chief. Fortunately when the governor orders an investigation of the district attorney's office the dastardly Edgar gets his comeuppance.

To strike the note of authenticity Justice Botein has gone back to his own experiences when with a group of brilliant colleagues he labored in that colorful vineyard. The discerning eye will pick up personalities of that era, including (as a guess) Jimmy Hines, Samuel Seabury, Ferdinand Pecora, and a score of legendary others. It is all fiction but one

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recognizes many good yarns still circulating in the Criminal Courts Buildings.

This is not a "crime novel." The purpose is serious and the intent is to show the inner workings of a great law enforcement office. It is refreshing to hear a clear voice speak up against the ambulance-chasing "investigations" which wreaked so much havoc among the small fry of the bar in those years with discernible benefits to none but the insurance companies lurking in the background. His attitude toward the hard-working criminal bar challenges certain self-righteous and misguided "reforms" now in effect in the lower courts. Justice Botein is concerned with the administration of justice as a human instrument and he speaks with authority and admirable good sense.

—ELEAZAR LIPSKY.

INVOLVED BYSTANDER: Stanley Baron, whose first novel was an excellent spy story with an international setting, has retained the foreign background but omitted the espionage in his fourth. **"The Facts of Love"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) is what might be called a novel of manners—a witty, observant, and mildly satiric commentary on the affairs of some innocents abroad. The teller of Mr. Baron's civilized and highly readable tale is a young American foreign service officer, whose job allows him to saunter about several European capitals, observing life without undue involvement. At least this seems to have been his original plan of operation. But before "The Facts of Love" is over, Mr. Baron's hero has been inveigled into the complicated love lives of three high-powered young ladies, and has even been brought to the brink of matrimony—which is about as involved as an innocent bystander can get. Along the way the author is able to sketch some interesting supporting characters: an inexplicably successful British playwright, an unconventional painter with some conventional inhibitions (he refuses to marry his mistress because his mother objects), an international hustler who "works for Orson Welles"—and a brace of other types. Mr. Baron's style is both leisurely and deft, and his wit is sharp but without malice.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

DESERTED DEMOCRAT: **"The Foreign Minister,"** by Leo Lania (translated by James Stern; Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), describes the last hours of a Central European democracy. Actually, democracy is already dead when the novel opens; the only flicker of life in the body politic exists in the person of its foreign minister, who has not thrown in his lot with the Moscow-controlled cabinet. Mr. Lania recreates the leaden mood of a doomed capital, which could be Prague, and the hopeless plight of a trapped statesman, who is an approximation of Jan Masaryk. Three alternatives present themselves to this deserted democrat in a country overrun by Soviet thugs: flight, capitulation, or some sort of dramatic protest. As the foreign minister reviews these possibilities, and ruminates on the history of his desperate situation, his enemies close in and remove whatever freedom of choice remains to him. The facts from which "The Foreign Minister" is made are unfortunately far more dramatic than the novel itself. And Mr. Lania relies rather heavily on long-winded soliloquies which muffle some of the tragedy inherent in his story. Nevertheless "The Foreign Minister" comes as a bitter reminder of an exceedingly dirty chapter in recent history. —M. L.

ALSO NOTED: **"I Am Adam,"** by Maxine Kaufman (Knopf, $3.50), records the long struggle of Adam Henlein to destroy the ghost of his brother Jeremy, who had been killed accidentally while as youngsters years before they played with a gun. It is a pity that Miss Kaufman's career was cut short by death, because she knew how to tell a taut tale.

"James by the Grace of God," by Hugh Ross Williamson (Regnery, $3.75), retraces the turbulent events that marked King James II's reign up to his disguised exit from England in 1688. Some unconventional interpretations of history whose subtleties should prove to be more intriguing to the expert than the lay reader.

"Sing One Song," by Helen Topping Miller (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.50), is a full-scale picture of Kentucky torn by Civil War armies the family conflicts. Color, dimension, and narrative excitement in this period piece.

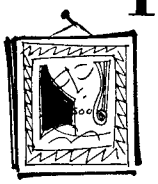
"Queen of the East," by Alexander Baron (Washburn, $3.95), tells of a hectic but short-lived rebellion against imperial Rome by Palmyra, one of its outpost subject-states, and of a wily woman-ambassador who ferrets out secret information from Rome VIP's during boudoir sallies. Sensuous embellishments liven up some musty footnotes.

"The Forgotten Place," by John Fores (Coward-McCann, $3), takes us into North Africa where the cross-currents of adventure involve the French Air Ministry, an Arab bey, and dope-smuggling Frenchmen. A realistic tale for one-sitting reading.

"Captain Rebel," by Frank Yerby (Dial, $3.50), features the blockade-running and love-making activities of Ty Meredith at the period the Yankees were occupying Confederate New Orleans. Tear-squeezing, color-drenched historical melodrama.

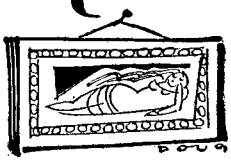
—S. P. MANSTEN.

Your Literary I. Q.



Conducted by John T. Winterich

"PAINTING IS SILENT POETRY"



The number of famous painters of all nationalities who had first names is really surprising. Herewith are twenty such, with the first names scrambled at the right. You are asked to assemble the parts. Answers on page 28.

1. Copley
2. Gainsborough
3. Gauguin
4. Gova
5. Hals
6. Hogarth
7. Holbein
8. Manet
9. Monet
10. Murillo
11. Picasso
12. Raeburn
13. Rubens
14. Sargent
15. Stuart
16. Tintoretto
17. Van Dyck
18. Van Gogh
19. Velasquez
20. Watteau

( ) Anthony
( ) Antoine
( ) Bartolomé Esteban
( ) Claude
( ) Diego Rodriguez de Silva y
( ) Edouard
( ) Francisco
( ) Frans
( ) Gilbert
( ) Hans
( ) Henry
( ) Jacopo Robusti
( ) John Singleton
( ) John Singer
( ) Pablo
( ) Paul
( ) Peter Paul
( ) Thomas
( ) Vincent
( ) William

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The World

Continued from page 19

munism is unquestionable—makes himself the advocate of the devil, writing Stalin off as a cruel man with a wonderful vision who will be remembered for his industrialization of the country.

What saves the day is the fact that Mr. Crankshaw is a more honest reporter than a doctrinaire adherent to his own views, and time and again his own facts disprove his thesis. At one point we are told that there is in Russia a pervasive apoliticism, at another, that Soviet youth have politically "dangerous thoughts"; at a third, that the young people never experienced purges and collectivization and therefore (unlike many of their elders) have no animus against the regime. The author insists rather extravagantly that there are many idealists in Russia, that they are all Communists, and that a crusading spirit persists among them—only to argue in another context that there is widespread cynicism and that the present society is increasingly characterized by a Victorianism engendered by the rise of a new quasi-bourgeoisie—"a blowsy genteel, lower-middle class mentality *in excelsis*"—all the while maintaining that Russia is a classless society.

There are a number of such contradictions, as well as minor inaccuracies in names and dates. His chapters on the present leadership (he describes Malenkov as a "Latin scholar") and on foreign policy are disappointing. The assertion that "in Russia from time immemorial all positive advances are forced upon the people from above" is historically untenable (suffice it to point to 1905 and 1917 and even to Mr. Crankshaw's own view of social pressures today); it is also revealing for his paternalistic approach to the Russian "natives." His erroneous assertion that anti-Soviet revolts and opposition have never been "inspired by a political idea" is apparently needed to buttress the sweeping claim that criticism is confined to "normal grumbles" and that "the Soviet masses are against the excess of the NKVD, against the government inspectors, against the tax collectors, against officialdom everywhere, but they are for the Kremlin."

If there is an underlying thesis in this variegated account, it is the opinion that the post-Stalin relaxation is "permanent and enduring" (a tenable though debatable position); that Soviet society is not totalitarian and cowed in the "1984" sense (here he is decidedly

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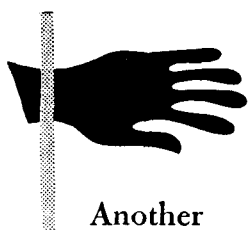

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right); and that this society, pressuring the rulers to relax, "is settling down into a long spell of more or less steady evolution" in the direction of lasting, meaningful liberalization and better living conditions (a singularly optimistic view).

Few, one suspects, will agree with the author's entire thesis. But few will not be stimulated—instructed, aroused or disconcerted—by his book.

Land of the Future

"Beggars on Golden Stools," by Peter Schmid *(translated by Mervyn Savill. Praeger. 372 pp. $5), is a Swiss scholar's report on Latin America. A. Curtis Wilgus, director of the University of Florida's School of Inter-American Studies, reviews it.*

By A. Curtis Wilgus

WHEN one glances at a table of contents and finds a set of "trick titles" one is tempted to suspect that the author has exhausted his literary ingenuity on phrases and has left his run-of-the-mill expressions for the text itself. In the case of Peter Schmid's "Beggars on Golden Stools," this seeming semantic smartness may be the work of the translator (from the German) or of the publisher's editor, but more likely it is because the author has assembled a series of more or less related vignettes in order to present a mosaic panorama of his travels. But whatever his first impressions, the reader will soon discover that Dr. Schmid, an astute and seasoned traveler, has grasped the "feeling" of people and places in Latin America and has presented with skill, and sometimes with humor, a first-person account of the observations and impressions of a Swiss scholar in the year 1953. In some respects this book is similar in treatment to several written a generation or more ago by such keen observers of the Latin American scene as Siegfried, Keyserling, Domville-Fife, García Calderón, Savage-Landor, James Bryce, and William E. Curtis. Unlike some of his predecessors, our author's prose is often poetic in feeling if not in form, which leads one to congratulate the translator for his *Sprachgefühl*. However, some readers may find the frequent philosophical

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 17, 20, 10, 9, 19, 8, 4, 5, 15, 7, 12, 16, 1, 14, 11, 3, 13, 2, 18, 6.

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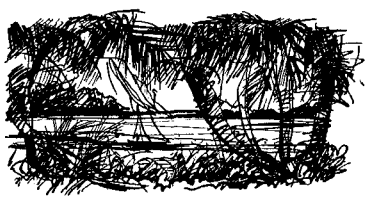
observations (but not the character sketches or the historical accounts) tiresome and in some cases repetitious.

BEGINNING with "Murder in a Bus" in Mexico our traveler, with frequent parenthetical musings, journeys through the six Central American states meditating on "Bananas and Generals" and "Racial Insanity on the Canal." From Colombia with its "Athens of Thieves" he travels into Ecuador, Peru ("The Sierra of Slaves"), Bolivia (where he finds "Revolutions, Bolivia's National Sport"), to Argentina, Chile ("Black Eyes—Red Hearts"), Uruguay, and finally Brazil ("Millionaires with an Inferiority Complex"). Here in this greatest of South American states Dr. Schmid spent his last evening meditating as he walked along beautiful Rio Bay. His conclusions were not unique—but in them the reader will find the cultural theses and the *raison d'etre* for the volume. He thought:

> South America is synonymous with minerals, meat, petrol, and coffee. It is the continent of the future—no longer the future of its own people but of the others, the foreign calculators who understand organization and work with the regularity of alarm clocks. Its own children, however —not only the Indians but those who have lived long enough there to have put down their tap roots—try in vain to copy that other victorious spirit, to wrest the magic formula from the foreigner and to usurp his power. Fundamentally they do not understand him even when they think they do. They sit upon the greatest material wealth of the globe and grieve in a dream for an imaginary world. They call themselves pathetic beggars on golden stools, and this is exactly what they are. And they will remain so until they lift their eyes from the ground to the sky which is so close to them.

The accounts of travelers in Latin America more often than not suffer from a superfluity of prejudices, yet being autobiographical they frequently give a grass-root view of the life of the people. Since the travel accounts of today become the historical sources of tomorrow, one should seize on a reliable and readable account like this and classify it as it deserves.



do *you* know

of a lawyer, editor, or judge who saw to it that a man charged with a crime, and subjected to public pressure or prejudice, got a fair trial?

of a minister, a priest, a rabbi who came to the defense of someone of another faith in a community where bigotry was on the rise?

of someone who prevented Communists from taking over an organization by un-American tactics and techniques?

of a schoolteacher, or principal, or Board of Trustees who refused to let outside groups interfere with free thought and free discussion in education?

of a businessman who refused to take advantage of false or malicious rumors about a competitor?

of a candidate for office who defended his opponent against lies, calumny, an unjustified smear campaign?

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JUDGE SAMUEL I. ROSENMAN
Catholic Bishop of Worcester, Massachusetts, Most Rev. JOHN J. WRIGHT

Letters should be not more than 1,000 words long. Supporting documents, newspaper clippings, etc. may be supplied, but will become our property, and we shall have the right to make such use of them, including publication, as we may desire. All letters should be postmarked before midnight NOVEMBER 14, 1956 and should be sent to the American Traditions Project, Box 1803, Grand Central Station, New York City 17

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Anything for a Laugh

Cerf . . . "straight man."

JOKES OLD AND NEW: Did you know that Cary Grant once made up a phony list of credits for a non-existent motion picture? Among the cast were: Dolly Shot (the heroine), May Cup (her mother), Lee Dingman (the hero), Pan Ova (a ballet dancer). The director was named Manny Takes and (here's the real gasser) the script girl was Mimi O'Graph. While you're chuckling over this and doping it out, let me tell you that this information is from **"The Life of the Party"** (Hanover House, $2.95), the latest grab bag of humor in the public domain to be assembled by Bennett Cerf, famous television personality and straight man for George Gobel. When a gag is funny (as many are) you will get a laugh out of it. And when it isn't funny you can blame it on Winston Churchill, the Aga Khan, or whatever luminary Mr. Cerf has pinned it on. Even the title is credited to Mr. Cerf's dentist, a Dr. Pullman, of whom the author adds: "He's pulled many a good one in his day." Ouch! —MARTIN LEVIN.

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OCTOBER 27, 1956

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MOTHER OF THE MET FAMILY

The Service of Mrs. August Belmont

Mrs. Belmont in 1916—"public-spirited enterprises."

By IRVING KOLODIN

EVERYBODY by now knows that the Metropolitan Opera season will open next week with Bellini's "Norma," or if they don't know about "Norma" they do know that Maria Meneghini Callas will be singing for the first time as a celebrity in the city of her birth. And there is a general feeling that this is as it should be, that Rudolf Bing has offered the New York, and the American public, virtually every prominent opera singer there is in his tenure of office, that Callas agreed to come once before, and that it is fine that she at last will be seen and heard.

But there has to be an opera house for an opera star to sing in, and everybody knows, too, that the Metropolitan has been in and out of financial difficulties for the last quarter century, really. For part of the time after 1930, deficits were paid out of accumulated reserve. But for all the time after 1935 deficits have been met in large part by funds contributed by the public at large or by interested friends. Virtually all of this has been done through the activity and the agency of the Metropolitan Opera Guild, of which the founder and president emeritus is Mrs. August Belmont. Ergo, if there is a Callas on stage at the Metropolitan this opening night, it is largely because there has been a Belmont offstage for the last twenty years.

To say that the Met would have vanished from the scene had it not been for Mrs. Belmont is to make a black-and-white issue of what has many shades of gray between. We can say, however, that it is due to a peculiar set of talents, organized by a person with a particular kind of personality and training, which has made her the instrument best suited to the task. Jokes in abundance have been made about the "begging" on the radio, the "appeals" in season and out of season in which the Metropolitan has indulged during the last score of years. It shouldn't be necessary and it is demeaning for an institution of the Met's stature to survive through "handouts." But lacking national or municipal subsidy, the case is clear that it could only survive through the efforts of its friends—of which Mrs. Belmont has been the staunchest and the most effective.

Along with Mrs. John Barry Ryan (a daughter of Otto Kahn), Mrs. William F. Gibbs, Anthony Bliss, and perhaps one or two others, Mrs. Belmont is an outstanding example among the long celebrated "patrons of opera" identified with the Diamond Horseshoe who has continued to be a patron—in the sense of contributing

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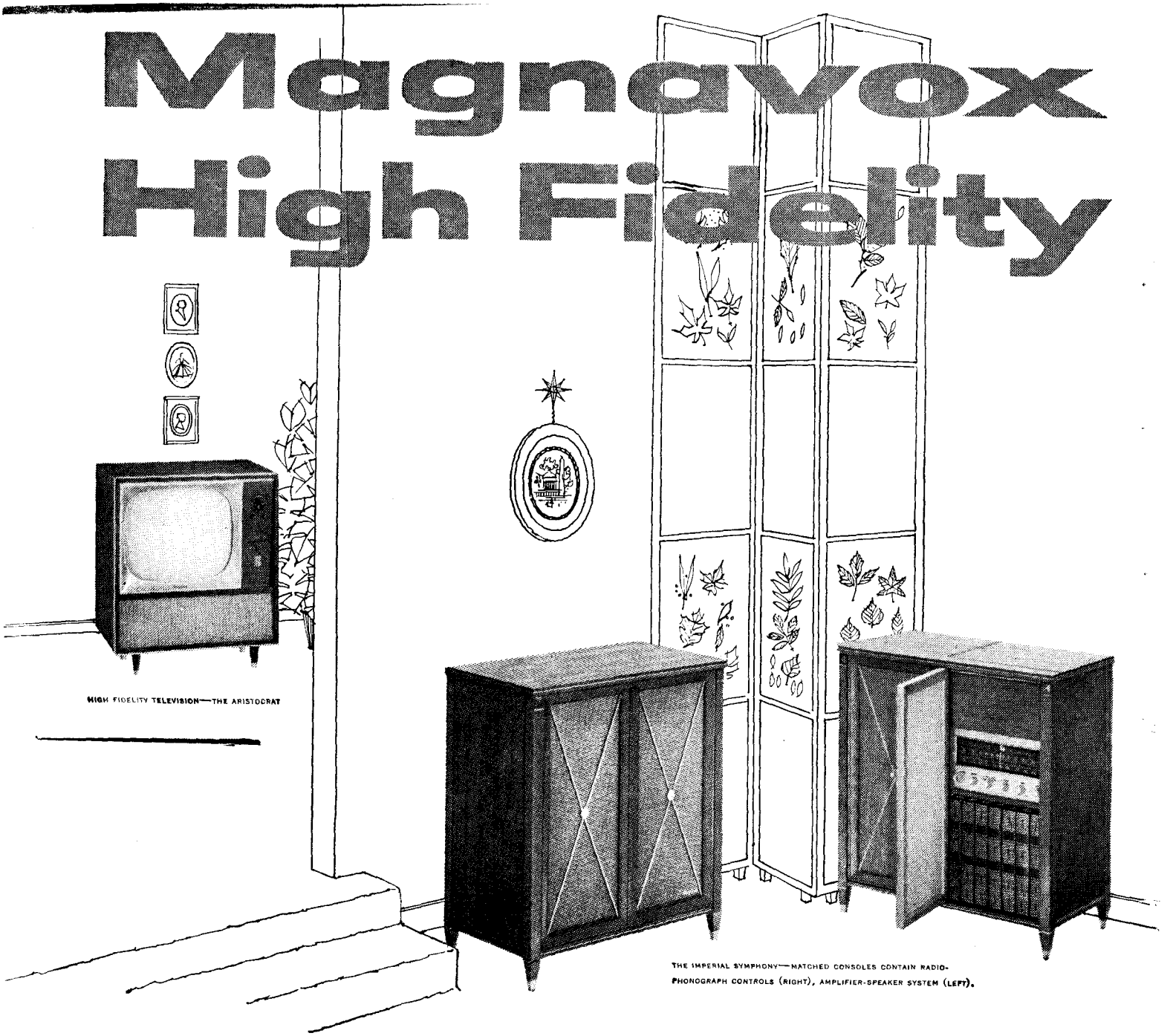

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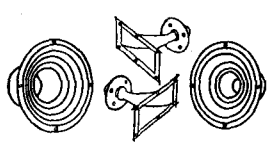

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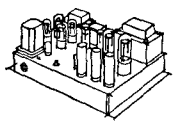

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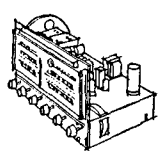

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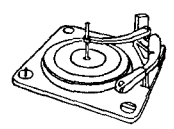

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mightily to its welfare—long after the glamour and the glory departed. Like the boy on the burning deck, she stood her ground (and improved it) long after the others had fled.

So far as the large public is concerned, Mrs. Belmont's prominence is largely identified with the Metropolitan Opera Guild, which she brought into existence in 1935 along with Mrs. Myron C. Taylor, Mrs. Herbert Witherspoon, and Harvey D. Gibson (and, of course, Lucrezia Bori). But five years before that she could be found in the *Who's Who* of 1930 identified with such public-spirited enterprises as the Central Committee of the American National Red Cross.

Go back twenty-five years before that and she could be found in the *Blue Book* of the theatre rated, under her maiden name—Eleanor Robson—as one of the younger stars of the American theatre in the great days of Blanche Bates, Laura Hope Crews (in her younger career), Gladys Wallis (who became Mrs. Samuel Insull), and many others. Her interest in the theatre was directly derived as could be, for she was born to an actress mother in an English acting family. She was brought to America as a child when her father died, and educated near New York while her mother toured. (Anybody old enough to have seen Madge Carr Cooke in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" would have seen Eleanor Robson's mother.)

Perhaps the most remarkable fact about the Belmont acting career is that it left a firm imprint on the minds of her contemporaries though it lasted only thirteen years from debut to stardom to retirement in 1910 after she married Major August Belmont. She had gone out to San Francisco to visit her mother, who was appearing there, and the local manager, Daniel Frawley, decided she was right for a part in a Belasco-De Mille drama called "Men and Women." Nothing seemed more natural than for her to accept the challenge, and she made her debut in the Columbia Theatre on September 13, 1897.

A long-memoried theatergoer, Johnson Briscoe, wrote of her: "A season in this company in a round of ingenue roles was followed by a long period with the Salisbury Stock, Milwaukee, where she played exactly twenty-nine roles in all—oh, lucky Milwaukee! How lovely she must have been as Louise in 'The Two Orphans,' not to mention Pinero's 'Sweet Lavender' and Meg in his 'Lady Bountiful,' also as Jane Eyre, Sue, and Hazel Kirke. We suspect she may have had her tongue in her cheek as Barbara Hare in 'East Lynne.' A brief period in stock in St. Louis and a summer at the redoubtable Elitch's Gardens in Denver concluded her novitiate."

The Robson career on Broadway began in 1900 in "Arizona," and continued on an ascending line not only in contemporary plays but also in all-star revivals of "Romeo" and "She Stoops to Conquer," in which, of course, she played Kate Hardcastle. Eventually came stardom in the play with which she is most lastingly associated—Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann." This occupied her for three seasons, including a long engagement in London. She had her own repertory company in New York doing six plays in a thirty-six week season before finding another long run in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow." This was a work by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett described in the programs of the time as "A Play of Cheerfulness." It was in this attraction that the stage saw her for the last time as a performing player on February 12, 1910. Two weeks later she became the wife of August Belmont.

Miss Eleanor Robson in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" (1910)—a "Play of Cheerfulness."

Whether she would have become as much interested in the opera and its problems had she married some other worthy suitor of the time she may, perhaps, tell us in the "Memoirs" she is now writing, diligently, in long hand. But it is worthy of note that August H. Belmont, Sr. was one of the stockholders of the old Academy of Music, whose confined space resulted in the creation of the Metropolitan itself. And August Belmont himself was noted among those in attendance at the opening performance of Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House in the 1908 season. Presumably the enthusiasm was contagious. Box No. 11 at the Metropolitan, which belonged to August Belmont (previously it had been the property of his brother Perry Belmont), was disposed of after his death in 1924. The bonds of interest, fortunately, were stronger than the ties of property.

Enough has been said, certainly, to suggest that the "peculiar set of talents, organized by a person with a particular kind of personality and training" does exist in Mrs. Belmont. Her own theatrical background gave her a conception of the audience approach to such matters, so that her endeavor to make "a pleasure for the many of what had been a privilege for the few" was realistically founded. Energy in superabundance and a keen understanding of how to make people work together was also in her makeup. Plus adaptability.

It is not generally known that there are not one but three "saving graces" from which the Metropolitan derives much needed funds. One, of course, is the much mentioned, sometimes maligned, but evergrowing Opera Guild. At the outset it had 1,239 members. Twenty years later it could count thirty times as many, with an ever-increasing total now beyond the 60,000 mark. Annual dues range from a modest $4, for which the donor receives twenty-four issues of its lively publication *Opera News*. In ascending measure are sustaining membership ($15), contributing membership ($40), and donor membership

(*Continued on page* 61)

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JUST PLAIN MARIA

From P. S. 13 to "La Divina"

—*Erio Piccagliani.*

Miss Callas before the diet of 1954 (left) and now.

By WILLIAM WEAVER

ROME.

IN ITALY opera singers are about as exotic as canasta-players; and yet, in a career of less than a decade here, Maria Meneghini Callas has become surrounded by more legends than Charlemagne. Everything about her arouses comments, tales: her fabulous oval eyes, her amazing reducing diet, her huge salaries, her wide repertoire, her dislike of other singers, her stubbornness, and—of course—her unique voice. People who have never heard her sing (and even in Italy there are non-operagoers) will tell you how an admirer of Renata Tebaldi threw a bouquet of radishes and carrots at La Divina's feet after her "Traviata" at La Scala; a backstage row with basso Boris Christoff, during a performance in Rome two winters ago, was talked about as greedily as if it were the latest caprice of Gina or Sophia.

Actually, many of the legends have a basis in fact: the fabulous eyes are there, and the voice—as anyone, even Callas's detractors, will concede—is unlike any other to be heard today. She does ask for, and get, large amounts for her work; and she does, in fact, disagree with her colleagues. But behind this fabulous facade there is a fascinating, appealing human being, a girl who, barely past thirty, has struggled hard to get to the top, who by her determined efforts has in these few years made herself a household word wherever the art of singing is considered.

What is so unusual about Callas? Why should she excite so much talk? And why should she be considered so exceptional? Apart from the mere fact of her voice, she has a personality and an artistic conscience that make her unique. One might just as well ask why Toscanini was so different from all other conductors. In fact, Callas has assimilated many qualities common to Toscanini; neither is noted for tact; both are (or were, in the case of Toscanini, to whom all is forgiven now) implacable and often seemingly impossible to satisfy.

Singers are a notoriously temperamental race, and they are also a notoriously lazy one. Many of the most famous opera stars were perfectly content to sing half-a-dozen roles for the better part of a lifetime; Callas learns that many in two seasons at the most. Singers, in general, resent rehearsals, especially stage rehearsals. And in Italy, where successful singers can have their own way much of the time, they often appear only at the dress rehearsal; and in the case of a standard repertory work like "Trovatore" or "Boheme," sometimes the star flies into town just in time for the opening night curtain.

To people used to singers like this Callas is a kind of monster. She is beyond fatigue: When she is preparing an opera she comes not only to all the rehearsals where she is to appear, but at other times she takes a seat in the orchestra to watch the chorus and supers rehearse. To her—as to Verdi or Puccini—an opera is a unified work of art, and she wants to be sure of her place in that coherent creation. A director who worked with her not long ago said afterwards: "She is not what you might call an instinctive actress. You ask her for a certain effect, and she doesn't give it to you right then and there. She thinks about it, maybe even overnight, then she comes back the next day and does what you want. She's absorbed it, and made it a part of herself, so that she may even add something of her own to your business. It's become natural to her, after sober reflection."

This singlemindedness and this artistic purpose are often the cause of her famous disagreements with her colleagues. She is far from being a mere grouch by nature (she has an infectious spontaneous laugh and a lively sense of humor); but she is impatient with any kind of sloppiness. The tiff with Christoff during the "Medea" in Rome came after a series of backstage tensions because Callas, whose role in the opera is enormous and exhausting, had insisted on the proper number of rehearsals, including a couple in full costume, even though she had already sung the opera in three other theatres. Not all of the other singers were enthusiastic about what they considered a waste of time. But the "Medea" was an unforgettable theatre experience.

The most irritating thing about Callas at times like these is that she usually wins her arguments and—what's more—she's usually right. Some people find that unforgivable, failing to realize that she is twice as hard on herself as she is on others. On one occasion, some time ago, she appeared at a recording session in Milan, started to work, then decided that she wasn't in her best voice. So in spite of the fact that conductor, orchestra, and the rest were all there ready, she took a day off until she felt she was in proper form. Again, the result was worth it. Her recordings of "Puritani," "Tosca," "Lucia," and half-a-dozen other operas have made her world-famous in a way that her theatre performances alone never could.

IN SPITE of her determination and her self-assurance, Callas is not entirely self-made. In the course of her training and her subsequent career she has been sensible enough to choose the right people to accept advice and help from: her teacher, Elvira de Hidalgo, of whom she still speaks with reverence (Mme. de Hidalgo's brother, a resident of Milan,

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is one of Callas's closest friends and advisers); Maestro Tullio Serafin, who helped launch her on her Italian career and gave her her big chance in Venice. He persuaded the directors of the Teatro La Fenice, where Callas was singing Brünnhilde, to let her substitute for the indisposed Margherita Carosio as Elvira in "I Puritani," a role quite different from the heavier, dramatic roles she had been singing until then. Her marriage to the Veronese businessman Battista Meneghini has given her life a basis of calm, allowing her, too, to be more choosy; and Meneghini has been able, acting as her manager, affectionately to smooth out the practical details of her life.

One of the chief shapers of Callas as we see her today has been Italy's versatile, brilliant stage-director Luchino Visconti. Known in America principally for his film "Bellissima" with Anna Magnani, Visconti had worked with great success both in cinema and on the legitimate stage when, in 1949, he saw Callas as Kundry during a dress-rehearsal at the Rome Opera. Visconti is a lifelong opera fan, and immediately recognized the singularity of the young singer. They met the following year and became friends at once; Callas naturally discussed her roles with the director and willingly followed his suggestions. Finally, three season ago, Visconti signed a contract to stage three Callas operas at La Scala: Spontini's "La Vestale," Bellini's "La Sonnambula," and finally "La Traviata." From one opera to the next, indeed from performance to performance, Callas seemed to grow visibly as an actress until, at last, as Violetta, she reached a point where the singer and the actress were on a par. To some observers it seemed natural to compare her to Garbo's Camille.

Still, in her restless desire for perfection, Callas does not accept even Visconti's word blindly. Last winter the Callas-Visconti "Traviata" was repeated for a second season, contrary to the established custom of La Scala. When a foreign critic called on Callas one afternoon, having heard her tenth or eleventh Violetta the night before, he was surprised to find her still eager to discuss the details of her interpretation.

"Did you *really* like it?" she asked. "What scenes did you like best? Which least? What about the beginning of 'Sempre Libera'? Did the stage-business distract you from the music?"

And as the visitor described his reactions, Callas went over the opera with him, virtually note for note, asking his opinion at every step.

"What about the hat, in the last act?" she asked finally.

This was a particularly touchy point. Visconti, with a stroke of genius, had set his "Traviata" in a Zola-esque, gas-light period, whose sombre, stuffy atmosphere seemed more in keeping with the opera's tragedy than the customary frilly sets and costumes. As a final touch of what the outraged critics referred to as his *neo-realismo* he had arranged that, having got up and put on her hat in a delirious hope of going to the church with Alfredo, Violetta should then die in her chair, her hat still on. This, to the conventional critics, was the last straw. And, after two years of singing the role, Callas was still wondering who was right.

"I said to Luchino," she explained, "that the hat is the *last* thing that a woman thinks about before she leaves the house. But, of course, he's the director . . ."

After the opening performances, however, its just so happened that the infamous hat seemed to slip unobtrusively off the singer's head at some point, so that, in the end, Violetta died bareheaded.

There is probably no other singer who, having sung a role with great success for two seasons, still worries about improving his acting in the part. But in her constant dissatisfaction, Callas seems to be always challenging

(*Continued on page* 60)

A CALLAS DISCOGRAPHY

I. OPERAS (COMPLETE AND HIGHLIGHTS)

Bellini	"I Puritani" C (w. Di Stefano, Panerai, Rossi-Lemeni Serafin)	3-12" Angel 3502C/L
Bellini	"Norma" C (w. Stignani Filippeschi, Rossi-Lemeni—Serafin)	3-12" Angel 3517C/L
Bellini	"Norma" HL (same cast as above)	1-12" Angel 35379
Donizetti	"Lucia di Lammermoor" C (w. Di Stefano, Gobbi, Arie—Serafin)	2-12" Angel 3503B
Donizetti	"Lucia di Lammermoor" HL (same cast as above)	1-12" Angel 35382
Leoncavallo	"Pagliacci" C (w. Di Stefano, Gobbi, Monti, Panerai—Serafin)	2-12" Angel 3527/L
Mascagni	"Cavalleria Rusticana" C (w. Canali, Di Stefano, Panerai—Serafin)	2-12" Angel 3509L
	Complete Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci in one set	3-12" Angel 3528C/L
Ponchielli	"La Gioconda" C (w. Barbieri, Poggi, Silveri Neri—Votto)	3-12" Cetra C1241
Puccini	"Madam Butterfly" C (w. Danieli, Gedda, Borriello—v. Karajan)	3-12" Angel 3535L
Puccini	"Tosca" C (w. Di Stefano, Gobbi, Calabrese—De Sabata)	2-12" Angel 3508B/L
Rossini	"Il Turco in Italia" C (w Gedda, Stabile, Rossi-Lemeni —Gavazzeni)	3-12" Angel 3535L
Verdi	"Aida" C (w. Barbieri, Tucker, Gobbi, Modesti—Serafin)	3-12" Angel 3525C/L
Verdi	"Aida" HL (same cast as above)	1-12" Angel 35385
Verdi	"La forza del destino" C (w. Tucker, Tagliabue, Rossi—Leweni—Serafin)	3-12" Angel 3531C/L
Verdi	"Rigoletto" C (w. Di Stefano, Gobbi—Serafin)	3-12" Angel 3537L
Verdi	"Traviata" C (w. Albanese, Savarese—Santini)	3-12" Cetra C1246
Verdi	"Traviata" HL (same cast as above)	1-12" Cetra A50167

In preparation:

Puccini	"La Bohème" C (w. Moffo, Di Stefano, Panerai—Votto)	scheduled Fall, 1957 Angel
Verdi	"Il Trovatore" C (w. Barbieri, Di Stefano, Panerai—v. Karajan)	scheduled Spring, 1957 Angel
Verdi	"Un Ballo in Maschera" C (w. Barbieri, Di Stefano, Gobbi—Votto)	scheduled Spring, 1957 Angel

II. INDIVIDUAL SELECTIONS

Bellini	"Norma"—Casta Diva	CB20482 not issued on LP
Bellini	"I Puritani"—"Qui la voce"—"Vien diletto"	CB20483 Cetra A50175
Boito	"Mefistofele"—"L'altra notte"	Angel 35233
Catalani	"La Wally"—"Ebben? ne andrò lontana"	" 35233
Cilea	"Adriana Lecouvreur"—"Io son l'umile ancella"	" 35233
Cilea	"Adriana Lecouvreur"—"Poveri fiori"	" 35233
Delibes	"Lakmé"—"Dov'è l'Indiana Bruna" ("Bell Song")	" 35233
Giordano	"Andrea Chenier"—"La mamma morta"	" 35233
Meyerbeer	"Dinorah"—"Ombra leggiera" ("Shadow Song")	" 35233
Ponchielli	"La Giaconda"—"Suicidio"	Cetra A50175
Puccini	"La Bohème"—"Si, mi chiamano Mimì"	Angel 35195
Puccini	"La Bohème"—"Donde lieta uscì"	" 35195
Puccini	"Gianni Schicchi"—"O mio babbino caro"	" 35195
Puccini	"Madam Butterfly"—"Un bel dì vedremo"	" 35195
Puccini	"Madam Butterfly"—"Con onor muore"	" 35195
Puccini	"Manon Lescaut"—"In quelle trine morbide"	" 35195
Puccini	"Manon Lescaut"—"Sola perduta, abbandonata"	" 35195
Puccini	"Suor Angelica"—"Senza mamma"	" 35195
Puccini	"Turandot"—"Signore, ascolta!"	" 35195
Puccini	"Turandot"—"In questa reggia"	" 35195
Puccini	"Turandot"—"Tu che di gel sei cinta"	" 35195
Rossini	"Il Barbiere di Siviglia"—"Una voce poco fa"	Angel 35233
Verdi	"La Traviata"—"Ah fors'è lui"—"Sempre libera"	FAP7017 (45 rpm) A50175
Verdi	"La Traviata"—"Addio del passato"	FAP7017 (45 rpm) A50175
Verdi	"I vespri Siciliani"—"Bolero: Mercé, dilette amiche"	Angel 35233
Wagner	"Tristan and Isolde"—"Liebestod"	CB20481 Cetra A50175

The above selections are available in the following LP collections:

Angel 35195—"MARIA MENEGHINI CALLAS portrays Puccini heroines"
Angel 35233—"MARIA MENEGHINI CALLAS coloratura—lyric"
Cetra A50175—"MARIA CALLAS SINGS"

—GEORGE JELLINEK.

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Recordings in Review

The Handel-Beecham "Solomon"

HANDEL: *"Solomon." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, the Beecham Choral Society and Elsie Morison, soprano, Lois Marshall, soprano, Alexander Young, tenor, and John Cameron, baritone.* Angel album 3546-B, $9.96.

FOR YEARS (half-a-dozen, according to my personal knowledge) Sir Thomas Beecham has been talking about his desire to do Handel's "Solomon" for records. As the music is very little known outside of areas (in England) where Sir Thomas has himself performed it, the provocation for this desire could only be taken on faith. Now, however, that the project, in the Handelian way, has been accomplish-ed, one is able to share the Beecham enthusiasm for what is one of the freshest, most robust, and withal delicately imaginative scores by this universal master.

Whether Handel himself would have shared this enthusiasm is subject to some examination. In his forthright commentary Beecham tells us: "In the more familiar editions of the work . . . there has been a tendency to bestow the balance of favor on the choruses. . . . This has had the result of seriously altering the whole character of the piece which . . . is largely non-ecclesiastical. Also these . . . solos for the most part have a romantic ring, not to be encountered to such a degree in any of the other great oratorios." Beecham goes on to clarify the "general readjustment of the whole work," and to add, almost as an afterthought: "The entire score has been re-orchestrated by me."

The outcome may trouble the devout, but for those who take their musical pleasures where they find them, it will be enormously stimulating, revelatory of new aspects of Handel's titanic genius (not only in the superb solos for the women, but also in such scene painting as the "Nightingale Chorus," the duet of oboes preceding the Queen of Sheba's entrance, etc.) For those who learned to appreciate so much of little-known Handel from Beecham's transcriptions in "The God's Go A-Begging," "The Faithful Shepherd," and "The Great Elopement," the suitability and taste of the orchestral garb is musical Saville Row.

As for the performance, it is surely one of the triumphs of Beecham's illustrious career. For one thing, from first to last, it has the clean, open orchestral sound that typifies Beecham's taste in such matters. This is not conventional hi-fi, but something more precious—unconventional fidelity to musical values. His interest in the project and the effort put forth to achieve justice are equally apparent. Vocally the enterprise is of lesser distinction, due in large part to the unfamiliarity of present-day singers with this idiom. Miss Morison has a pure sweet voice and equally pure musical intentions, but hardly the technique to produce the necessary trills on pitch. In the legato "With thee, the unsheltering moor I tred" she does very well. Miss Marshall performs with her unflagging strength and a little lack of imagination. The men are of about the same caliber, though neither has as good a sound as the women. However, these insufficiencies are not serious enough to mar the total pleasure of a notable project notably well achieved.

Walter Waltzes

STRAUSS: *"Emperor," "Blue Danube," "Tales from the Vienna Woods," and "Vienna Life" waltzes, "Fledermaus" and "Gypsy Baron" overtures. Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra.* Columbia ML-5113, $3.98.

OF THE SUNDRY products arranged to commemorate the eightieth birthday of Bruno Walter (including a superb Mozart "Requiem" to be noted in due course) few will give as much lasting pleasure to so many as this wonderfully songful, restlessly rhythmic dissertation on the Strauss manner. Walter has wielded his spell, previously, to make English and French orchestras sound like the Vienna Philharmonic, but here he has achieved the most difficult transformation of all, in New York.

It's a living proof, if any were needed, that tone is in a conductor's ear, not in the orchestra he is conducting. To be sure, it is simple enough to have the Philadelphia Orchestra sound like the Philadelphia Orchestra, but to take students (as Beecham and Stokowski have) and make them play with the *conductor's* style is akin to the miracle Walter has achieved here. Nor is it merely a matter of tempo and swing, those indispensable elements in Strauss. It is more a matter of the sweetly vibrant string tone, the richly gentle horn sound, and even the kind of vibrato in the oboe which sighs without being strident. Even the "room tone" sounds imported from Vienna for the occasion. If there is a minor, meager complaint it is that the ensemble is not quite big enough to give the ceremonial glitter to some string passages. But there is a compensating intimacy elsewhere that the Strauss-hungry will not overlook. Thank YOU, Bruno Walter.

Guitar by Bream

SOR: *Seven Pieces,* TURINA: *Five Pieces,* FALLA: *Le Tombeau de Claude Debussy. Julian Bream, guitar.* Westminster XWN 18135, $3.98.

IF THE NAME of Julian Bream means nothing to you, don't be disturbed—it didn't to me, either, before I had sampled this first token of his uncommon gifts. Nor, for that matter, is there any particular reason why the gifts of this twenty-three-year-old Englishman should be known here. But there is every reason, now, why he should be better known.

For one thing, unlike most of the younger guitar players who have come in the wake of Segovia, he is not interested in demonstrating how fast he makes his fingers fly over the frets. He is pre-eminently a musician of taste and discrimination who happens to play the guitar. Virtually all the pieces on the Sor side are in relaxed tempi, several of them employing echo effects to which Bream gives charming articulation.

There is a trend to more brilliance in the Turina "Fandanguillo" and the impressionistic "Rafága," both of which Bream delivers with finesse. He may not have the quicksilver adroitness in crossing strings that seems to come naturally to the best native performers on the instrument, but he has a style quite his own and decidedly communicative. For one thing, he is more sensitive to the dynamic possibilities of the guitar than most (always excepting Segovia), an awareness accentuated by the definition and acuteness of the microphoning. A really satisfying record.

Not as Good as Gould

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas in E, opus 109, A flat, 110 and C minor, opus 111. Glenn Gould, piano.* Columbia ML 5130, $3.98.

IT WOULD have been difficult, in any circumstances, for Glenn Gould to produce a second record equal in impressiveness to his "Goldberg Variations" of Bach (Columbia ML-5060) but he has needlessly multiplied the odds against him by undertaking the

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trilogy indicated above. To play any one of these really well at twenty-one would be, literally, a man-sized accomplishment; to present them as the contents of a single record is to remind us again of Bulwer-Lytton's most famous saying.

Gould's lexicon may not include the word "fail," but it must contain many synonyms for erratic, to judge from the jumbled passage work, "rattled" speeches, and other symptoms of pianistic immaturity. There are frequent stretches of playing to remind us of the insight into tonal design that marked the "Goldberg" Variations, there is occasionally a rare touch of lyric beauty, and he has a compelling way of holding the attention as in the Arietta of the C minor Sonata (though I have no brief for the cooing sounds he makes in the background, which should have been suppressed by a responsible studio engineer). But, much too often, there are also all the faults of a Town Hall debut—slowing down in a diminuendo, accelerating in a crescendo, unsteady rhythm, rushed climaxes—purveyed in some of the greatest music ever written!

Columbia, it seems to me, is grossly indulging the "personality" appeal of this gifted young musician in giving him the run of the house, and putting forth the results as a serious representation of this music. As to the garrulous "commentary," in which Gould cites Thomas Mann and Aldous Huxley as "notable offenders" in carrying to "giddy heights" "absurdities" about Beethoven's last works, the young man speaks his own judgment when he says "Perhaps they [these sonatas] do not yield the apocalyptic disclosures that have been so graphically ascribed to them." To quote some more poetry: "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." Obviously it is absurd to expect Gould to reproduce what he cannot see on the page or hear in the music.

Cimarosa's "Secret Marriage"

CIMAROSA: *"Il Matrimonio Segreto." Graziella Sciutti, Eugenia Ratti, Luigi Alva, Carlo Badioli, Franco Calabrese, and Ebe Stignani, with orchestra of La Piccola Scala conducted by Nino Sanzogno.* Angel album 3549, $14.94.

THIS BEING a Mozart year, it is appropriate that we also have, for comparison and collation, such a masterpiece of one of his great contemporaries as Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto." It presents an absorbing study in cross-influences, being written for Vienna during the last months of 1791 (when Mozart was suffering his last illness) for production in February 1792. And Cimarosa, let it not be forgotten, succeeded where Mozart had failed—that is, in becoming Composer to the Royal and Imperial House headed by Leopold II.

If there is any particular point to be made in a comparison of this work with one of such generally similar farcical character as "Così," it would be that Cimarosa's score is almost consistently dominated by its vocal line, whereas "Così" lives as much in the pit as on the stage. However, Cimarosa is an earlier master of those mocking little phrases whose repetition in the accompaniment gives sparkle and brilliance to Rossini's comic operas. And it is all gushing, seemingly spontaneous, unending in its chattery abundance.

For those who have not yet sampled the delights of the Piccola Scala, the recently-opened intimate adjunct of the "big" Scala, this product of its opening festivities is an almost irresistible invitation to early attendance. The cast is not only polished in its comicalities, but vocally adroit in giving them musical expression. When Sciutti swings into the mocking "Perdoni, perdoni," answered in kind by Ratti, and then the indestructible Stignani takes on the role of peacemaker, we have the quintessence of the buffa style. Aside from a little lack of accuracy in her florid singing (the ascending scales are almost always slightly flat), Sciutti is a delight as Carolina. However, the revelation of this performance is Alva, a young tenor of Peruvian birth whose lovely light voice belies the statistics that he is but a few years removed from the student ranks. Calabrese is also happily cast as the Count, and Badioli completes the unusually well balanced ensemble as father of the two girls whose marital complications provide the plot.

For those who recall Sanzogno's direction of Menotti's "Amelia al Ballo" (as its Italian version in Angel 35140 was titled) his facility in the light manner needs no testimonials. In this bigger undertaking he shows a wonderful aptitude for arranging the levels of sound so that the vocalists are never taxed by the orchestra, but everything in the scoring comes through nevertheless. The complete Italian text, with English equivalent, and some informative words by Giulio Confalonieri adds to the angelic total of the whole.

Reiner, Borkh, and Strauss

STRAUSS: *Scenes from "Elektra" and "Salome"; "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" suite. Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, with Inge Borkh, Paul Schoeffler, Frances Yeend, and chorus from the Lyric Theatre.* RCA Victor LM 6047, $7.96.

WHETHER ONE considers Inge Borkh—who has been heard in sundry parts of the United States but not yet in New York—as the greatest of "Elektras" or "Salomes" or even the best of those who have recorded this material, she is without question a woman of striking vocal attainments and much dramatic power. What had been heard of her previously in "Turandot," with Tebaldi and Del Monaco, was plainly not particularly in her line.

As between the aspects of "Elektra" and "Salome" revealed in these excerpts, she strikes me as more suitable, in voice and temperament, for Greece than Galilee. It is one of Reiner's traits in treating "Elektra" to give the singer every opportunity for lyric expansion (one recalls it similarly in his Metropolitan version with Varnay), and Borkh has enough vibrance in the voice, still, to make this experience a breathtaking one. The sections covered are the famous soliloquy beginning "Allein! Weh, ganz allein" and the finale from "Elektra," "Schwester" (with Frances Yeend a rather strident Chrysothemis) through the "Recognition" scene (with Paul Schoeffler no less imposing an Orestes than he was in Beecham's treatment of the same scene with Erna Schlueter and Ljuba Welitsch). Unfortunately, the voices of Aegisthus and the Preceptor are omitted.

For the finale scene of "Salome" ("Ah! Du wolltest mich nicht deinen Mund küssen lassen") the Borkh voice is tireless in its outpouring, but rather broad and unwieldy for the darting vocal line. Also she is disinclined to sacrifice roundness of sound for sharpness of dramatic effect, which tends to make the whole expression somewhat tame. Not in the Welitsch class (for which Reiner, of course, was also the conductor) by far. Tonally, the orchestral production is sumptuous and vividly reproduced.

In the context of the dynamic scale of the foregoing, the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" suite which fills side four of the two LPs is apt to sound somewhat anaemic. However, it is deftness itself so far as direction and execution are concerned Francis Robinson's commentaries on the two operatic subjects are full of illuminating matter, but the short shrift given to the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" music, particularly the lack of explanation for the musical quotations in "The Dinner" (they tonally describe a meal), will leave most listeners puzzled.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Concerto in D. Zino Francescatti, violin, with Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML 5114, $3.98.	For muscularity and precision, this is one of the great performances of the Brahms concerto, unceasingly energetic, full-blooded and intense. However, any treatment so single-minded, any attack so frontal runs the risk of sacrificing secondary but vital considerations—in this case, beauty of sound and refinement in dynamics. The hard-pull of the bow on the strings is now and again over-apparent. Fine orchestral support by Ormandy and the orchestra.
Brahms: Concerto in B flat. Rudolf Serkin, piano, with Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5117, $3.98.	Serkin's abundant technical resources and the rich instrumental color provided by the Philadelphia Orchestra are merged in one of the best-sounding versions of this work that we have. However, it is somewhat academic for my taste, a little lacking in daring in the faster movements or in outspoken emotion in the slow one. Excellent sound.
Brahms: Symphony No. 1 in C minor. William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Capitol P 8340, $3.98.	Here is another substantial indication of Steinberg's mastery of the basic orchestral literature. It goes as far, perhaps, as is possible with his present orchestra to render the warmth and power in the Brahms score. Judgment, taste and a suitable sense of momentum are all present. The recorded sound is not impressive for richness, but is faithful to the orchestra in its home surroundings.
Bruch: Concerto in G minor; Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole. Isaac Stern, violin, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Ormandy. Columbia ML 5097, $3.98.	Stern's upward surge continues in this version of Bruch, which for breadth and compulsion has qualities to rival the preceding best of Milstein and Oistrakh. It is also apparent that his instrumental freedom keeps pace with the expansion of his interpretive ideas, always a good sign. The same drive applied to Lalo, however, coarsens it a bit, deprives it of the charm and color it should have. To Stern's credit, he plays all five movements, including the seldom-heard Intermezzo. More brilliant collaboration by Ormandy and his skilled associates.
Dvořák: Symphony No. 5 in E minor ("New World"). Ferenc Fricsay and the RIAS Symphony Orchestra. Decca DL 9845, $3.98. Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5115, $3.98.	Both of these are performances of strong impulse and impressive execution, but they diverge greatly in evaluation of the score. Ormandy makes it a text for a wonderfully colorful performance by the orchestra, whereas Fricsay conveys his regard for it as a kind of folk poem. Needless to say, there is poetry in Ormandy's version as there is color in Fricsay's, but the major emphases remain. I still prefer the Toscanini-NBC, though the Columbia sound is several tints richer.
Gordelli: Concerto in C minor (No. 2). Taktakishvilli: Concerto in C minor (1951). Alexander Iokheles, piano, with orchestras conducted by A. Gauk and Abram Stassevich. Westminster XWN 18171, $3.98.	Gordelli and Taktakishvilli sounds like a dream of a two-piano team, but they are actually among the lesser Russian composers of the day, not yet of international status. Each is a shadowy reflection of a brighter, better known personality: in the case of Gordelli, it is Rachmaninoff, while Taktakishvilli's work has more than a few suggestions of Khatchaturian. Iokheles, however, is a pianist of considerable attainments, who might be heard with profit in more familiar music. For its place of origin, the sound is good.
Harris: Symphonies (1933) and No. 7. Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony, E. Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5095, $3.98.	Much musical water has flowed over the violin bridges since the Harris score of 1933 was new, and whatever qualities it may possess are sadly misrepresented in this replica of a concert performance by Koussevitzky in the mid-'thirties. It was, in its earliest issue, a poor specimen, and it has not been consequentially improved. Both in its long flowing lines, and the superb performance of them under Ormandy, the recently recorded No. 7 offers much more for the listening ear.
Offenbach: "Belle Hélène," "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," and "Orpheus in the Underworld" overtures; "Tales of Hoffman," "La Périchole" and "Geneviève de Brabant" excerpts; "Les Belles Americaines" waltz, and "Musette." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra, with Samuel Mayes, 'cello soloist. RCA Victor LM 1990, $3.98.	A tasty collection of Offenbach, especially in those aspects not worn thin by repition, of which the titles are sufficient indication. Fiedler does his best in the lesser-known pieces, which he is content to play with spirit and taste, rather than striving for "effects" to brighten up otherwise familiar patterns (a tactic that is rarely successful). The recording is a little blatantly percussive, but otherwise successful.
Offenbach: "Gaité Parisienne." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia KL 5069, $5.98.	The overpretentious presentation of this durable score in a photo-album entitled "The Pleasures of Paris" should not obscure the excellence of the performance directed by Ormandy, or the keeness with which it is reproduced. Also (as in the foregoing) over-percussive, but otherwise well sounding.
Prokofiev: "Romeo and Juliet." Bolshoi Theater Production. Colosseum CRLP 10209-10, $9.96.	*This cryptically designated issue turns out, on inspection, to be derived from the film currently* making the rounds. It is the largest slice of Prokofiev's score yet to be released here, but the dubbing sounds as though it might have been picked up in a balcony seat with a portable tape recorder. Altogether it falls short of even minimum contemporary standards.
Reger: Variations on a Theme by Hiller. Joseph Keilberth conducting the Hamburg Philharmonic. Telefunken LGX 66049, $4.98.	An uncommonly well-sounding, carefully organized performance of Reger's exhausting score, which Keilberth obviously knows intimately. A celebrated example of orchestral polyphony, it does not, in the end, seem to me more than an impressive exhibition of ingenuity. To those for whom it has an attraction, Keilberth's effort may be recommended without hesitation.
Respighi: "The Birds" and "Botticellian Triptych." Franco Caracciolo conducting the Scarlatti Orchestra. Angel 35310, $4.98.	Clean, spirited performances by the small ensemble under Caracciolo's direction. Both originated as scores for small ensembles (though they are familiar on symphony orchestra programs), and "The Birds," in particular, fares well in its intimate detail. However, some aspects of the Botticellian impressions ("Primavera," "Adoration of the Magi," and "Birth of Venus") would benefit from a larger mass of sound. The reproduction is ably done.
Saint-Saëns: "Carnaval des Animaux." Franck: "Psyché." Franz André conducting the orchestra of the Belgian National Radio. Telefunken LGX 66028, $4.98.	André has a notable sympathy for the gay work of Saint-Saëns, and his pianistic participants (Jeanne Visele and Frank Vanbulck) fulfil their equirements well. However, the reproduction has that "in a closet" sound which is no longer an excuse for proper acoustic conditions. In the Franck score, the conductor does not get as much from the players. The reproduction, though better, is not good enough.
Strauss: "Don Juan," and seven other tone poems. Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, with four other orchestras directed by Charles Munch, Pierre Monteux, etc. RCA Victor LM 6129, $11.94.	*There is abundant interest in Reiner's propulsive performance of the Strauss tone poem and the* vivid one of Liszt "Mephisto Waltz" with which it is paired, but hardly enough to merit investment in a miscellany which includes previously issued versions of "El Salón México" by Fiedler and the Boston Pops, Monteux's "Les Préludes," Munch's "Romeo and Juliet" of Tchaikowsky, in order to get Casella's "Italia," Ravel's "La Valse" and "Francesca da Rimini" by the same *sequence of conductors. Stokowski is also represented by Debussy's "Nuages" and Ibert's "Escales."* Mostly good sound, but not enough inner logic or outer connection. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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As Music Analyst—

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5 in C Minor*—Leonard Bernstein looks at Beethoven's original sketches for the first movement. The entire work is performed by Bruno Walter and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. ("Omnibus" series) CL 918 $3.98

WHAT IS JAZZ?—Leonard Bernstein looks at Jazz assisted by Buck Clayton's Jazz Band and illustrations from Columbia's Jazz Catalog. ("Omnibus" series) CL 919 $3.98

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Recordings Report II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Concerto in E. Sarabande (Sonata No. 2), Concerto in D minor. Leonid Kogan and Elisabeth Gilels, violins, with Otto Ackermann conducting the Philharmonia String Orchestra. Angel 35343, $4.98.	A strong pulse of life (and a particularly strong impulse of melodic life) give these performances uniform interest and a high level of musical satisfaction. Aside from being Russians, there is no particular reason to compare the Kogans (she is sister to the pianist and wife to the violinist) with the Oistrakhs. They have their own kind of musical personality—tending more to finesse—which coincides happily with the requirements of these works. Kogan is especially impressive in the E major concerto, which has been in want of a performance as balanced and well sounding as this. Ackermann provides firm support in both, and the sound of the string ensemble is a joy to hear.
Beethoven: Sonatas in E (Op. 109) and A flat (Op. 110). Ernst Levy, piano. Unicorn UNLP 1033, $3.98.	Two further examples of what might be called MIT-Fi, produced in Kresge Auditorium of MIT under the direction of Peter Bartok. The piano response, especially in the bass range, is remarkable for substance and ring. Levy projects an individual estimate of the challenging works, which is always a virtue. However, it strikes me as tending to the cautious and restrained, which is not. Technically the performances are impressively secure, and the musical design is always clearly defined.
Benjamin: Sonatina. Frederick Grinke, violin, with the composer at the piano. Vaughan Williams: Sonata in A minor. Grinke, with Michael Mulliner, piano. London LL 1382, $3.98.	Both works reflect the dominant characteristics of their composers: Benjamin's, his fantasy and rather easygoing charm: Vaughan Williams's, the rugged strength and determined quest for musical essentials. Grinke is thoroughly at home with the requirements of each, and if Benjamin adds something necessarily personal to his playing of the piano in his own sonatina, Mulliner is also a decided asset. Both recordings rate high for balance and clarity.
Buxtehude: "Jubilate Domino," "In dulci jubilo," etc. Alfred Deller, countertenor, Eileen McLoughlin, soprano, and Maurice Bevan, bass, with instrumental ensemble. L'Oiseau Lyre OL 50102, $4.98.	Whatever reason there might have once been for regarding Buxtehude as the archtype of the "neglected" composer is rapidly disappearing. And no interpreter could contribute more to an enthusiasm for his works than one with the soaring eloquence and artistic canon of Deller. He makes a glowing thing of the solo cantata ("Jubilate Domino") and adds much to the ensemble in which he participates. On side two lutenist Desmond Dupre joins Deller for a delightful sequence of songs mostly by Thomas Campian (1567-1620). The processing throughout is excellent.
Chopin: Ballade in A flat, C sharp minor Scherzo, and F minor Fantaisie; Brahms: Handel Variations. Julius Katchen, piano. London LL 1325. $3.98.	A reissue in twelve inch form of what was originally a pair of ten inch discs. Katchen seems to me to function more naturally in the Chopin repertory, in which he does some gratifying things, than in the Brahms. In both, however, there is an inclination to the details of measures and phrases rather than the longer, sectional considerations. Clearly he is a pianist of resource and a musician of probing intelligence whose conceptions are not yet wholly formulated. London has made more realistic-sounding piano reproductions than this.
Gottschalk: "The Banjo," "Dying Poet," "Souvenir de Porto Rico," "Le Bananier," "Bamboula," "Suis Moi," "Maiden's Blush," "The Last Hope," etc. Eugene List, piano. Vanguard VRS 485, $3.98.	Any six of these would provide a sufficiently illuminating insight to the career of Louis Gottschalk, the first composer-pianist born (1829) in North America to make a reputation in Europe. Moreover, the dozen or so include some of a banality difficult to regard as "art" under any guise of quaintness. In the best of them, List provides abundant finger skill, nicely suitable rhythm, and a tongue that resists the caricaturing cheek. Note that "La Savane" ("Ballade Creole") is a clear antecedent of the "Winston Tastes Good" cigarette jingle.
Haydn: Sonatas No. 8 (A flat), 10 (G major), 25 (C minor) and 30 (E major). Kathleen Long, piano. London LL 1380, $3.98.	In this sequence, the works in major are all cheerful in mood, the one in minor rather plaintive. In none do we encounter the greater Haydn, the expression in all cases staying well within bounds of propriety. Long has a deft hand for the ornaments with which they are sprinkled, and ample feeling for the rather small scale style of writing. Good sound.
Lehar: "Merry Widow" excerpts, with Anneliese Rothenberger, Herbert Ernst Groh and orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Stephan. Fall: Excerpts. Same soloists, plus Edith Schwoller, with orchestra conducted by Hansgeorg Otto. Telefunken LGX 66043, $2.98.	Both sides exemplify the aptitudes of Rothenberger, whose light soprano is new to me, and Groh, long familiar for a pleasant tenor sound, for the idiom in which they are engaged. Virtually everything of note in the Lehar masterpiece is well-sung here, and suitably conducted by Stephan. The level of quality on side two is decidedly more erratic, the material from "Die Kaiserin," "Mme. Pompadour," "Dollarprinzessin," etc. being of lesser attraction. Good orchestral playing and recording in both.
Nicolai: "Merry Wives of Windsor," (excerpts). Maria Stader, Margarete Klose, Anny Schlemm, Kim Borg and Walther Ludwig, with Ferdinand Leitner conducting. Deutsche Grammaphon-Decca 9839, $3.98.	An attractive miscellany from the melodious if somewhat faded score, with a particular credit for Stader's singing in the sections beginning "Nun, das ist wirklich doch zu keck," and "Nun eilt herbei." Borg is good in "Als Büblein" and the duet with Fluth, but Ludwig shows signs of strain in "Horch, die Lerche singt in Hain." Also included is "Wohl denn gefasst ist der Entschluss," for which the Schlemm voice is deficient in quality or precision. Excellent sound.
Rachmaninoff: Piano Pieces (Op. 3 and Op. 10). Nadia Reisenberg, piano. Westminster XWN 18209, $3.98.	The sensitive performances of Reisenberg, who knows this idiom thoroughly, deserve a better fate than being billed as "The Bells of Moscow (Prelude in C sharp minor) and other pieces." (That descriptive title, of course, was imposed on the composer because his much-played prelude lacked copyright protection.) Her version of the much-thumbed piece is strong in outline, sober in statement, the others (such as the "Polka de W.R." of Op. 3) marked by appropriate warmth. Successful recording.
Schumann: "Fantasie-stücke" and "Waldscenen," Friedrich Gulda, piano. London LL 1371, $3.98.	Any suspicions that Gulda's recently manifested aptitude for jazz piano has been at the expense of his "legitimate" art are banished by these fine performances. Whether it is "Des Abends," "Aufschwung," or "In der Nacht" of the first set, "Jäger auf der Lauer" or "Vogel als Prophet" in the second, Gulda is technically secure, musically assured, and above all emotionally truthful. In works with the delicate balance between sentiment and stickiness of "Grillen" or "Einsame Blumen" such purity of impulse is something to treasure. First-class reproduction.
Wagner: Prelude, Act III of "Lohengrin," Tchaikovsky: "Overture 1812," Gounod: "Grand March" from "Queen of Sheba," etc. Harry Mortimer conducting massed brass bands of Foden's, Fairey Aviation, and Morris Motors. London LL 1456, $3.98.	Those who wonder at the appearance of this orchestral classic in the present category may be assured that it is decidedly "miscellaneous" with a hundred or so brass players taking over the string and woodwind parts. In all the pieces—Moreton's "Medallion," Cope's "The Mill in the Dale," Allier's "Cornet Carillon," Marquina's "Spanish Gipsy Dance" and Anderson's "Bugler's Holiday"—the spirit is high, the execution as exuberant as only amateurs can be. However, the bright, punchy and wonderfully sonorous performances are thoroughly professional in pitch accuracy, ensemble and rhythmic discipline. An ear-filling must for those with the equipment to meet the challenge. —I. K.

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THE LITTLE SWEEP—Complete Recording (Britten)
Jennifer Vyvyan, Peter Pears, and others. The English Opera Group Orchestra and the Choir of Alleyn's School. Conductor: Benjamin Britten. *Free libretto.* XLL-1439 $4.98

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EINE KLEINE TRAUERMUSIK (Schubert)
MINUET AND FINALE IN F MAJOR (Schubert)
L'ensemble d'Instruments à vent Pierre Poulteau. Conductor: Pierre Poulteau. LL-1407 $3.98

THREE PIECES FOR HARPSICHORD (Scarlatti—arr. Pierne); SCHERZO (Schumann); ANDANTE (Tchaikovsky); SEVILLA (Albeniz); QUATOUR (Glazounov); PRELUDE AND CHORAL VARIE (Borsari); Quatour de Saxophones Marcel Mule. LL-1434 $3.98

QUARTET IN A MAJOR (Boccherini) (Opus 39, No. 8); LA TIRANNA (Boccherini) (Opus 44, No. 5); TRIO IN G MINOR (Boccherini) (Opus 9, No. 5); TRIO IN G MAJOR (Boccherini) (Opus 39, No. 2)
Quartetto Carmirelli. II-1454 $3.98

NATIONAL AIRS OF SCOTLAND
NATIONAL AIRS OF IRELAND
The New Symphony Orchestra of London. Conductor: Trevor Harvey. LL-1459 $3.98

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The New Symphony Orchestra of London. Conductor: Trevor Harvey. LL-1460 $3.98

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Campoli (violin) and Eric Gritton (piano) LL-1461 $3.98

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PIANO CONCERTO No. 2 in D MINOR (Mendelssohn)
Peter Katin (piano) with The London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Anthony Collins. LL-1453 $3.98

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Heinz Rehfuss (baritone) and Frank Martin (piano) LL-1405 $3.98

ON WENLOCK EDGE—Cycle from a Shropshire Lad (Vaughan-Williams)
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George Maran (tenor) and Ivor Newton (piano) with The London String Quartet. LL-1406 $3.98

MELODIES POPULARIES GRECQUES
CHANSONS MADECASSES (Ravel)
RECITAL OF ARIE ANTICHE
Irma Kolassi (mezzo-soprano) and Jacqueline Bonneau (piano) LL-1425 $3.98

MANTOVANI PLAYS MUSIC FROM THE FILMS
Warsaw Concerto; Serenata d'Amore; The Dream of Olwen; Legend of the Glass Mountain; Story of Three Loves; Cornish Rhapsody. Mantovani and his Orchestra with Rawicz and Landauer. LL-1513 $3.98

STRINGS ON PARADE
The Italian Theme; Tango Mambo; Gabrielle; The Elephant's Tango; Mexican Madness; Eleanora; Strings on Parade; The Waltz of Love; Ava; For Always; Theme from The Man Between; Carnavalito. Cyril Stapleton and his Orchestra. LL-1487 $3.98

TED HEATH SWINGS IN HI-FI
Kings Cross Climax; Boomerang; When a Bodgie Meets A Widgie; Dance of the Dingoes; Malaguena; Ballyhoo; Barber Shop Jump; Lullaby of Birdland; Walking Shoes; Dig Deep; Peg O' My Heart; Bell Bell Boogie; Siboney; Cloudburst. Ted Heath and his Music LL-1475 $3.98

STANDARDS IN THE LATIN MANNER BY EDMONDO ROS
Tenderly; On the Sunny Side of the Street; S'Wonderful; Yes! We Have No Bananas; Softly in a Morning Sunrise; Ma (He's Making Eyes at Me); Alice Blue Gown; Without A Word of Warning; Together; You'll Never Know; What is this Thing Called Love; I'm Just Wild About Harry. Edmundo Ros and his Orchestra. LL-1466 $3.98

SONGS OF HARRY LAUDER
It's Nice to get Up in the Morning; Roamin' in the Gloamin'; When I was Twenty-one; Just a Wee Deoch and Doris; It's Nice When You Love A Wee Lassie; We Parted on the Shore; Waggle O' the Kilt; Breakfast in Bed on Sunday Morning; I Love A Lassie; She is Ma Daisy; Stop Your Tickling Jock; Keep Right on the End of the Road. George Elrick with the Stargazers and Orchestra under Cliff Adams. LL-1468 $3.98

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THE AMEN CORNER

Yeasaying, Its Principles and Practice

THE policy of this department, as its name implies, is one of approval. That is not because we are not from time to time full of the bile of criticism, but because we prefer to spend our time playing and recommending records we like. In the current deluge of jazz and popular recordings there would seem to be some room for a column which tries to single out worthwhile items and leaves the job of musical character assassination to hands more anxious for the scimitar. In other words, we will tell you about things we admire, we will skip things we don't. But what makes this position rather uncomfortable is the number of records which contain *elements* of fine talent combined with anemia or flatulence or other disabilities. We would like to point out the strong trumpet behind the limp voice, and the delicate piano which is all but lost among the leathery saxophones. But there are space limitations, as well as everything else, and so we have settled for the discussion of works which seem to us to have general, thoroughgoing merit.

This said, for the benefit of those who may have wondered, we repeat our recent opinion that the warmest, most lyrical of modern jazz trumpets is Miles Davis. And one of the loveliest things we have heard in modern syncopation is his "Blues Changes," composed by his pianist Ray Bryant, in an LP which also includes Jackie McLean, alto sax; Milt Jackson, vibraphone; Percy Heath, bass; and Arthur Taylor, drums (Prestige LP 7034). Here the venerable twelve-bar blues formula becomes the basis for a plaintive series of inventions on a highly original chord sequence. The whole effect is muted, songful, and subtle, and the disc contains other excellent originals.

The vibraphonist Milt Jackson, a noted member of the Modern Jazz Quartet, is also to be heard in a light, tremulous collection of "Ballads and Blues" (Atlantic 1242), his silvery improvising being based, in three cases, on gossamer arrangements by Ralph Burns—"So In Love," "Solitude," and "They Didn't Believe Me." The last-named Jerome Kern classic has undoubtedly never had such elegant treatment. The changing cast of assisting artists includes such stalwarts of discretion as Lucky Thompson, tenor sax; John Lewis, piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass; and Kenny Clarke, drums.

While we are in the chamber jazz vein, we call attention to several works featuring the limpid, low register clarinet of the California arranger and reed specialist, Jimmy Giuffre. This medley takes up various matters, from dulcet blues accompanied only by Giuffre's own foot-tapping to a nine-piece performance which sounds like a lazy, entranced Count Basie. One of our own favorites is a polyphonic trio job on "Fascinatin' Rhythm" in which Giuffre is joined by Jimmy Rowles, piano, and Shelly Manne, drums. It may be noted that some of the music on this disc is outside of jazz, in the sense that the regular beat is jettisoned (Atlantic 1238).

Very much inside jazz, and robustly so, is a modern quartet with Sonny Rollins, tenor sax; the late Clifford Brown and the late Richie Powell, trumpet and piano; Max Roach, drums; and George Morrow, bass. These are all members of the varsity—lusty, adventuresome, experienced—and they do particularly well by a jazz waltz, "Valse Hot" (whose basic theme, however, is something of a bore) and an easy-riding effort, "Pent-Up House," which completely belies the neurotic suggestion of its title (Prestige LP 7038). Those who wonder how a waltz can possibly come under the jazz category will find their answer here. To state the matter no doubt oversimply, it is a question of applying the instinct for momentum in suspended rhythm to 3/4 rather than 4/4 time. I see no reason why players of this talent should not apply themselves to the themes of Johann Strauss with equally persuasive effect. But I am bound to admit that I like the sophisticated Sonny Rollins quintet when they are looking back to the barrel house rather more than when they are gazing toward the distant palaces of the Hapsburgs.

The ultra-modern wing of jazz this month produces works by the Gil Melle Quartet. Melle is a baritone saxophonist who has been strongly affected by Bela Bartok, and who is surrounded by Joe Cindrella, guitar; Billy Phillips, bass; and Edmund Thigpen, drummer. Melle's extensive program notes show him to be an exceedingly self-conscious and literate musician. His beautifully played music is a compound of intricate linear exercises (the Bartok comes through, to be sure), and improvisation in the same spirit. This may be wrapping the matter up altogether too neatly—I merely wish to say that I find the music full of fascinating texture and real jazz-rhythmic impulse. There are musical brains at work, and there is also spirit. The disc can be safely recommended to anyone interested in the movement of jazz into modern musical procedures (Prestige LP 7040).

No one seems to be having any trouble with the music from "My Fair Lady," and André Previn has given handsome modern jazz piano treatment to the principal tunes (Contemporary C3527) with Shelly Manne, drums, and Leroy Vinnegar, bass. This is all very de luxe—platinum and magenta and swansdown stuff. I would give anything to know what G. B. Shaw, that musical marvel, would have thought of it all. It seems delightful to me until Previn runs into "I Could Have Danced All Night," where he provides a stunning Latin-American concept which, however, loses all sense of the original romantic lift of the tune. But that is no reason to pass up sterling examples of what can happen to fine show music when it gets into the hands of fastidious chamber jazz men.

THE piano department also affords another finely tempered, beautifully controlled program by Billy Taylor, with Candido on the Bongo drums (Prestige LP 7051). Taylor is one of the quietest, most insinuating and durable jazz piano performers we have around. And there is a grand olio of piano masters including Meade Lux Lewis, Teddy Wilson, Art Tatum, Bud Powell, and Oscar Peterson attacking some vintage material at the rate of two tunes apiece (ARS G-406). "Oscar's Blues" is a standout, and it takes delectable tracery to deserve special mention in this company.

In the traditional jazz area, hats are off to a new LP by "Wilbur de Paris and his *New* New Orleans Jazz" (Atlantic 1219). The musical spirit of the metropolis on the Mississippi is best represented in the North today by trombonist Wilbur, his trumpeting brother Sidney, clarinetist Omer Simeon, and their cohorts. Wilbur was born in Indiana, he plays tunes like "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," he writes others called "Madagascar" and "March of the Charcoal Grays," which he describes as "Comment on the Madison Avenue schoolboys in their gray suits." To hear is to believe.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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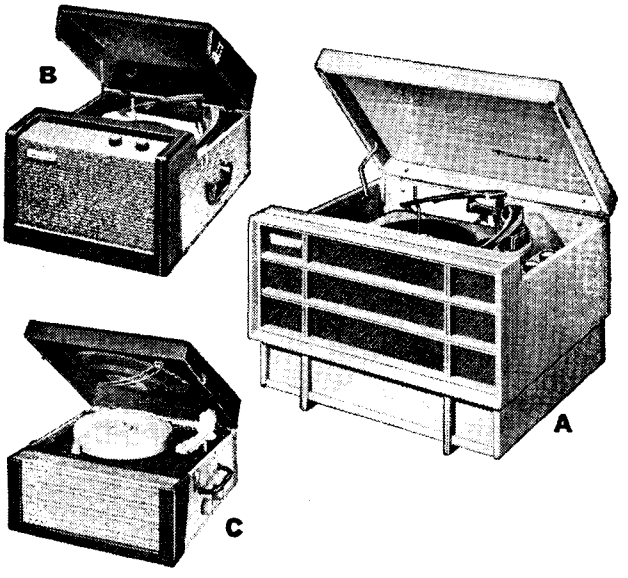

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THE OTHER SIDE

"TROVATORE" AND WALTER

THE CURRENT list of Decca (London) contains a new "Trovatore" which, despite a starry cast and excellent recording, does not provide the formidable Victor set with a rival worthy of its metal. Decca's slight technical superiority has been bought at the cost of more lavish spread (three discs as against Victor's two) and none of the four principals quite measures up to his or her American counterpart. Tebaldi, for all her vocal splendor, cannot match Milanov's style as Leonora, while del Monaco's Manrico sounds not only crude but, at times, rather tired; Simionato's Azucena lacks real conviction—if only Stignani had been a few years younger!—and Ugo Savarese's undistinguished di Luna again serves to underline the appalling dearth of first-rate Verdian baritones in present-day Italy. Victor's main weakness lay in the pedestrian direction of Renato Cellini, but even in this department—with Erede conducting the chorus of the Florence May Festival and the orchestra of the Grand Théâtre, Geneva (Suisse Romande?)—Decca can offer little, if any, improvement.

The remaining Decca issues are all orchestral with Geneva, as so often, taking the lead. Ansermet appears in an unfamiliar role with a disc coupling Beethoven's First and Eighth Symphonies: these are shapely and relaxed performances, notable for their beautifully balanced orchestral texture but marred here and there by rhythmic mannerisms. In Stravinsky's "Concerto for Piano and Winds" and "Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra," with Nikita Magaloff as the skilful soloist, the Swiss conductor is, of course, entirely in his element. On a ten-inch disc, the Suisse Romande under Erede gives a routine account of Respighi's 'Fountains of Rome' backed by a most attractive performance of Milhaud's ballet, "La Création du Monde." Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, as played by the Paris Conservatoire under Georg Solti is full of excitement and nervous tension, which makes a welcome change after so many glossy or sentimental versions, but a Richard Strauss disc by this orchestra—"Don Juan" and "Tod und Verklärung," conducted by Knappertsbusch—offers lukewarm readings of music in which the characteristic timbre of the French brass choir sounds an entirely alien note. Nor, I fear, is it possible to feel enthusiastic about Brahms Fourth as played by Kubelik and the Vienna Philharmonic, a performance which only comes to life during the last two movements.

With Decca's satellites, Oiseau-Lyre and Ducretet-Thomson, we are, however, on more rewarding ground. The former offers a charming trio of discs directed by a young musician, Mr. Thurston Dart: on the first, "Dances of Shakespeare's Time," he directs the Boyd Neel Strings from the harpsichord in a delightful and varied selection of Pavans, Almans, Corantos and Galliards; the second, "Jacobean Consort Music," is devoted to chamber music, much of it of remarkable quality, by Gibbons, John Ward, Thomas Lupo, Tobias Hume, the ubiquitous Anon. and, above all, Giovanni Coperario (John Cooper, until he went to study in Italy around 1600); the third is entitled "Mr. Bach at Vauxhall Gardens" and I need hardly point out that this is a selection of exceedingly pretty, mainly lightweight music—five Vauxhall Songs, six *canzonette a due*, and a Concerto in F for Organ and Strings —by Sebastian's youngest son, Johann Christian, also known as the "London Bach." Elsie Morison and Jennifer Vyvyan are the dainty singers on this last disc, and Dart is the soloist in the Organ Concerto as well as directing the Boyd Neel. To show that the Lyre-Bird patronizes music both new and old, the fourth record of its list is devoted to vocal works by Werner Egk and Jean Francaix (all settings of French words, despite Egk's German nationality) sung with considerable artistry by the baritone Bernard Lefort; but the eighteenth century has the last word with two discs by the distinguished flautist Jean-Pierre Rampal devoted, respectively, to a pair of concertos by C. P. E. Bach and a group of sonatas by Locatelli, Tessarini, Marcello, and Bononcini.

Ducretet-Thomson offers a number of instrumental discs—Chopin Waltzes (Livia Rev), Brahms Caprici and Intermezzi, Opp. 76 and 116 (Daniel Wayenberg), Beethoven Sonatas Opp. 53 and 109 (Lili Kraus), Bach Flute and Keyboard Sonatas (Rampal and Veyron-Lacroix), violin music by Ravel and others (Devy Erlih)—but on this occasion the varied skills of gifted flesh-and-blood performers are unlikely to stir up as much interest, especially among the lunatic fringe,

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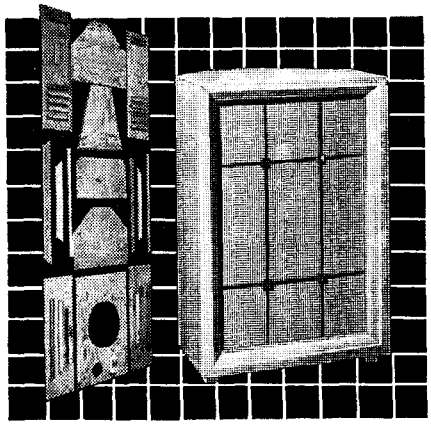

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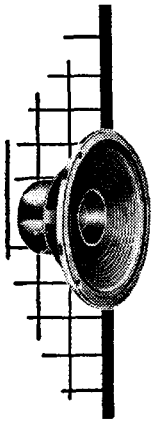

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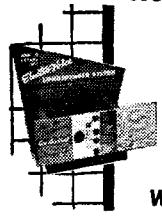

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as the same company's panorama of *Musique Concrète*. This, as far as I am aware, is the first time that we have had a disc devoted to the exponents of the tape recorder, and the collection, representing the work of Henry and Schaeffer, contains a concrete "classic"—"The Veil of Orpheus"—as well as a delicious assortment of background sounds for some inane science-fiction movies, bearing titles such as "Trifle in C," "Concerto of Ambiguities," and "Music without a Title." The recording, I regret to say, is decidedly "low-fi" in character although, strictly speaking, *Musique Concrète* cannot be judged in terms of fidelity at all.

With the possible exception of Cherkassky's brilliant performance of Tchaikovsky's Concerto No. 2 in G, recent Deutsche Grammophon issues have not been of a kind to attract attention, though Kempff's admirable series of Beethoven sonatas and concertos has been further extended (in this country, record companies now seem to favour the instalment plan where large-scale issues are concerned), Bartok's Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion has appeared here for the first time on LP and there are enjoyable performances of Mozart's "Bastien und Bastienne" (Streich / Holm / Blankenheim), Kodaly's Galanta and Marosszek Dances (Fricsay) and Shostakovich's Tenth Symphony (Ancerl and Czech Philharmonic).

Although DGG's shareholders are unlikely to subscribe to this view, I find the Archive Production series quite the most valuable of this company's activities: it is quite impossible to listen to any group of these discs without being stimulated by feelings beyond those engendered by mere historical curiosity. Recent issues have been particularly rewarding and include works by Guillaume de Machaut (Pro Musica Antiqua/Cape), Orlandus Lassus (Rudolf Lamy Ensemble) and Purcell (Saltire Ensemble/Oppenheim), as well as Cantata No. 39 and a further selection of chorales for organ by J. S. Bach. Very welcome, too, has been Archive's recent entry into the sphere of Extended Play 45-rpm discs. Here we do not find excerpts from LP issues, but entirely new and fascinating material, such as two Symphoniae sacrae for bass voice, four trombones and organ by Schütz and Mozart's Adagio and Rondo K.617 for glass-harmonica, flute, oboe, viola and cello, the latter featuring the famous glass harp virtuoso, Bruno Hoffmann.

TO MARK the eightieth birthday of Bruno Walter, Philips has released his rehearsal-cum-performance of Mozart's "Linz" Symphony which, thanks to the BBC Third Programme, was already familiar to many of us. Announced by the same company, but not yet available, is its first recording by the San Carlo Opera Company, Naples, devoted to Donizetti's "Don Pasquale." The performance is conducted by Molinari-Pradelli and the principal parts are taken by Renato Capecchi, Giuseppe Valdengo, Bruna Rizzoli, and Petre Munteanu.

HMV's October list again features many Victor recordings, among which "Fidelio" (Toscanini), "Aida" (Milanov/Barbieri/Björling/Warren/etc.), Bach's four Orchestral Suites (Reiner) and the Symphonie Fantastique (Boston Symphony/Münch) stand out in their diverse ways, as does a miscellany of popular Sacred Songs with Caruso and McCormack taking one side each, supported by such "bit-players" as Fritz Kreisler and Mischa Elman. Three sopranos head HMV's domestic contingent: Joan Hammond with an assortment of Puccini arias, Antonietta Stella with Verdi excerpts and Victoria de los Angeles in a collection ambitiously entitled "Five Centuries of Spanish Song." The last of these may be regarded as a somewhat sketchy affair if viewed as a survey of the years 1300-1800, but those who care for rare and beautiful music, ravishingly sung, will surely welcome this lovely disc for the sheer pleasure to be derived from it.

For Columbia-Angel October has been a surprisingly lean month, with little to show beyond the Klemperer disc of Beethoven's Seventh—a noble and purposeful performance in which the conductor expounds his familiar view concerning the plucked ending of the Allegretto—and a pair of Haydn Symphonies (Nos. 86 and 92), played in the most ingratiating manner by the Alessandro Scarlatti Orchestra under Franco Caracciolo. Leonid Kogan and Andrei Mitnik, admittedly, give an admirable account of themselves in Brahms's G major and A major Sonatas, while admirers of the Quartetto Italiano will welcome their coupling of Haydn's "Bird" and "Sunrise" Quartets.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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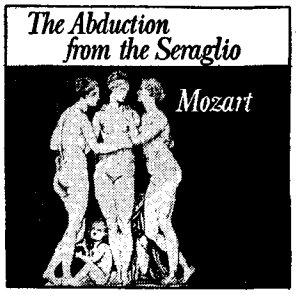

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KEEPS ON ROLLIN'

By STANLEY GREEN

Jerome Kern—"soaring music."

WHEN a skeptical Edna Ferber finally yielded to the entreaties of Jerome Kern, and permitted him to turn her mammoth novel "Show Boat" into a musical comedy, not only she, but most of the wise men of the theatre, considered it a risky venture. How could it be otherwise, with a serious plot dealing with miscegenation and two unhappy marriages? That was thirty years ago. Since then, we have seen three major productions in New York (1927, 1932, and 1946), two in London (1928 and 1943), three film versions (1929, 1936, and 1951), countless touring and stock company revivals, a presentation by the New York City Opera Company and the New York City Light Opera Company (both in 1954), and a recently completed two month voyage on a real showboat at the Jones Beach Marine Theatre.

On long playing records, it has been offered in vocal excerpts, or as a specially arranged "Scenario for Orchestra," by practically all the leading companies. Now RCA-Victor has just issued the best recorded and most complete version on a red seal LP record, LM-2008. Featuring Robert Merrill (Ravenal), Patrice Munsel (Magnolia), Risë Stevens (Julie), Janet Pavek (Ellie), Kevin Scott (Frank), and Katherine Graves (Queenie), they may well form the nucleus of that long hoped-for production on a Metropolitan Opera level.

In order to fit as much of the score as possible on one record, certain cuts were inevitable. Cap'n Andy's "Ballyhoo," Queenie's "C'mon Folks" and "Hey, Feller," and the "Dahomey" number from the World's Fair scene are not used. Neither are the verses to "You Are Love" nor "Life Upon the Wicked Stage." The haunting "Misery" themes (originally part of a discarded song called "Mis'ry's Comin' Round") are also omitted. But in treating us to more of the soaring music than we are accustomed to hearing on records, Lehman Engel, who produced and directed the sessions, has included some rare items. Ravenal's "Where's the Mate for Me?" which serves as an introduction to "Make Believe," is performed in its entirety—even to the sound of Magnolia struggling over a piano piece. Also on the record is the rousing "Till Good Luck Comes My Way," a particularly engaging number often eliminated in recent revivals, in which Ravenal expounds his personal philosophy. In one passage—"I let fate decide . . . If I walk or ride"—the music echoes Magnolia's "We only pretend . . . You do not offend" heard in the verse to "Make Believe," thereby emphasizing the influence of the innocent young girl on the gambler. All the opening music at the World's Fair is here. So is Magnolia's interpolated threnody, "After the Ball." And to cap the venture in a truly original manner, Miss Stevens, as Magnolia's daughter Kim, sings "Dance Away the Night," a piece written for and staged only in the London production.

Vocally, the recording does full justice to the score. The Merrill-Munsel duets of "Make Believe," "You Are Love," and "Why Do I Love You?" have the proper richness of expression. Miss Pavek brings a charming innocence to the amusing "Life Upon the Wicked Stage," and her duet with Mr. Scott of "I Might Fall Back on You," is given just the right vaudeville atmosphere. As interpreted by Miss Stevens, "Bill" at last is treated as a song and not a feat of endurance.

But what the record lacks are the elements that make "Show Boat" a theatrical entity, not merely a collection of attractive songs. Mr. Engel has conducted a concert, not a musical

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show. Drama and variety are often missing in those numbers which most require them. When Messrs. Kern and Hammerstein decided to open the show with a Negro chorus singing a lament about carrying the heavy bales of cotton, they broke new ground in the musical theatre. On the current record, the effectiveness is somewhat dissipated by having the ensemble begin with the meaningless "People all work . . ." rather than "Colored folks work . . ." or even "Here we all work . . ." The significance of "Ol' Man River" is also blurred by having it sung by Mr. Merrill, whose all too precise Negro accent detracts from the magnificence of his rendition. Miss Stevens brings a delightful insinuating quality to "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man," but a speeded up second chorus would have given it some needed excitement.

OTHER than giving Miss Munsel her only solo, the reasons for including Charles K. Harris's bathetic "After the Ball" are hard to understand. Hairsplitting critics at the original "Show Boat" pointed out that the song was too dated even for the scene at the 1904 New Year's Eve party, as it had been written twelve years before the episode was supposed to have taken place. At any event, it comes as something of an intrusion on a record otherwise devoted exclusively to the music of Jerome Kern.

For a more theatrical recording of the songs, though no match for the Victor disc technically, the ten-year-old version by the cast of the 1946 production is highly recommended. Still available on Columbia OL-4068, it features Jan Clayton, Charles Fredericks, Carol Bruce, and Kenneth Spencer. While containing fewer selections, it does include the seldom heard "Nobody Else But Me," a melody specially written for this revival shortly before Kern's death. Movie fans who are not necessarily Kern fans may enjoy the soundtrack recording from the 1951 film on MGM E-3230. The "Scenario for Orchestra"—a fancy name for an orchestral suite—is given a most creditable performance by Andre Kostelanetz and the Philadelphia Orchestra "Pops" on Columbia CL-806.

Back in 1932 Brunswick released a partially "original cast" album with Helen Morgan, Paul Robeson, Frank Munn, Olga Albani, and James Melton, with Louis Alter at the piano, and Victor Young's orchestra. Later repressed by Columbia, the set has long been prized by "Show Boat" devotees who would welcome its being tran ·red to a long playing record on the low-priced Entre label.

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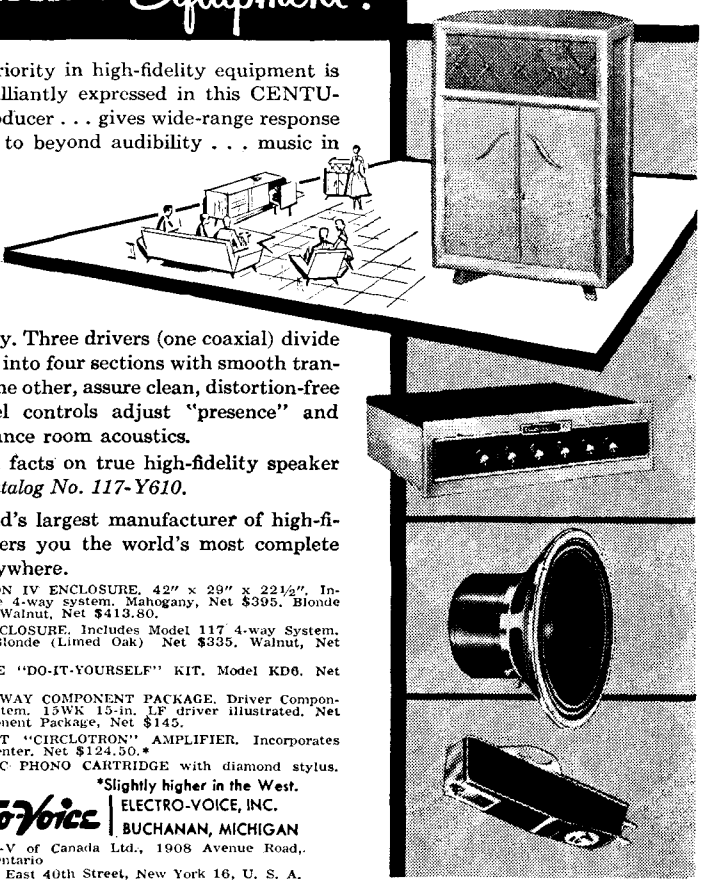

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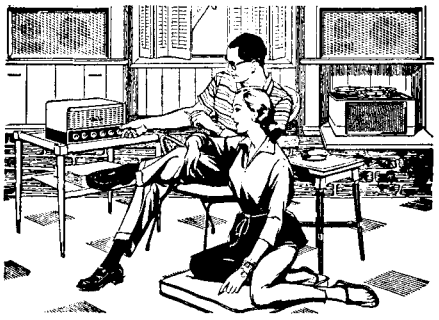

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HI-FI MID THE HEATHER

By L. C. AGNEW

THE Scots are professional emigrants, and there must be few places on this planet where these shrewd, sturdy creatures have not appeared. Why the Scot has this tendency to flee to someone else's country is a good question that I shall not attempt to answer although I have always had a deep suspicion—amply confirmed this very summer—that the grim Scottish weather has much to answer for. Anyway, the Scots don't leave home because they don't like the place; it is well known that even the most itchy-footed Celt loves his country and his "ain folk" with a fierce passion that must on occasion alarm the keen (non-Scottish) psychoanalyst. And the memory of all the emigrant Scot holds dear is kept forever green in a variety of ways ranging from mere reflective swilling of Scotch to more elaborate but perhaps less satisfactory memory aids such as gramophone records. I shall not discuss whisky as a memory aid (this is a silly remark, for I have now lost half my readers although they may well be with me in spirit—or spirits—for the rest of this piece), but shall deal instead with some recent records calculated to titillate the memories of practicing Scotsmen and similarly minded types wherever they may be.

For the record—the gramophone record—there are two Scotlands. One is what some call the "real" Scotland—the sparsely populated Highlands and Islands where Gaelic is still spoken by many, and where the life is relatively simple and, in places, downright primitive. The other Scotland is Lowland Scotland where Gaelic is not spoken, and where the main work of Scotland is done in shipyards, steelworks, factories, coal mines, and so on.

Those who like the native music of the Highlands and Islands are tolerably well catered for. The Ethnic Folkways Library, for example, has a disc entitled "Songs and Pipes of the Hebrides" (P 130) which faithfully reproduces local bagpipe music, waulking songs (nothing to do with walking; a waulking is a sort of ceremonial gathering of women who sing various songs as they shrink the tweed—a climax to many weeks at the loom), work songs, mouth music, and other items. All in the Gaelic, of course, but a leaflet containing translations and explanations is thoughtfully and—for many of us—necessarily provided with this disc. Those whose Gaelic is not up to Folkways standard will enjoy a pleasing record of "Songs of the Hebrides" sung in rough English translation by Mary MacKower to the gentle harp accompaniment of Franz Jellinek (SPA 65). I played this record to a native Hebridean recently, and while he admitted that it was probably the best English rendering he had heard of these songs he was critical of the speed at which some of the songs were taken. The blurb on the rear cover, by the way, has an unfortunate spelling error—peat is spelled "peet," and this may annoy some Scotsmen.

The Columbia World Library of Folk and Primitive Music has covered the music of both Lowland and Highland Scotland and is a good buy for the curious person who wishes an authentic cross section of the music of Scotland. Five pages of description, translation and explanation are included within the covers of this well produced record (SL 209).

ESSENTIALLY Lowland Scottish is the charming "An Evening With Robert Burns" which is a collection of poems and songs performed by the Saltire Music Group (Angel 35256). Ian Gilmour's delivery of part (verses 9-13) of the Epistle to J. Lapraik, and Sic a Wife as Willie Had, and Margaret Fraser's pure, mellifluous *a cappella* singing of The Learig and Comin Thro the Rye are particularly enjoyable. One criticism, though—the poem Tam O'Shanter is spoken by a woman, Meta Forrest, and although she tries hard she cannot carry the conviction

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that a good Scotsman would, particularly in such passages as:

> . . . our hame
> Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame
> Gathering her brows like gathering storm
> Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

where good male rolling of those r's is needed. And for a woman to recite:

> While we sit bousing at the nappy,
> And gettin' fu' and unco happy.

seems unnatural to say nothing of unladylike.

Some fine singing of non-Gaelic folk songs (Riverside RLP 12-609), drinking songs (Riverside RLP 12-605) and street songs (Riverside RLP 12-612) is provided by Ewan MacColl. Particularly entertaining in the first of these discs is his unaccompanied high-speed delivery of the tongue-twisting "Tail Toddle." But nothing on these records can compare with MacColl's old 78 rpm recording (British, HMV B10260) of "Eppie Morrie," a traditional ballad; here, without the benefit of instrumental assistance, Mr. MacColl works verbal and rhythmic wonders. More non-Gaelic fare is served up by Rory McEwen and his brother Alex who have recorded "Great Scottish Ballads" (Folkways FP 927) complete with guitar accompaniment; and an explanatory booklet is thrown in for good measure. There are many recordings of bagpipe music, and noteworthy among these are the superb band and massed pipes of the Scots Guards (Angel 35271, 35337), the 48th Highlanders of Canada (Columbia CL 2596), and the Boston Caledonian pipe band (Decca 5379).

Finally, there are some British discs that doubtlessly can be obtained by pressuring one's record dealer to import them. Among these are such perennial Lowland Scottish favorites as Jimmy Shand and His Band whose irresistible strict tempo Scottish country dance music will persuade the aged and infirm out of their wheelchairs and on to the dance floor (Parlophone PMD 1012, 1015, 1029; GEP 8535, 8549); the now defunct Glasgow Orpheus Choir conducted by Sir Hugh Roberton (HMV DLP 1019, 1020); the popular ballad singers Robert Wilson (HMV DLP 1086) and Kenneth McKellar (Parlophone GEP 8547, 9543) who have roughly the enthusiastic following in Scotland that Messrs. Presley and Sinatra have over here; and last, but not least, a group of the late Sir Harry Lauder's inimitable songs (HMV DLP 1089) which, as a fellow Scot put it, are almost *too* Scottish although "he was a great wee man, aye, a great wee man."

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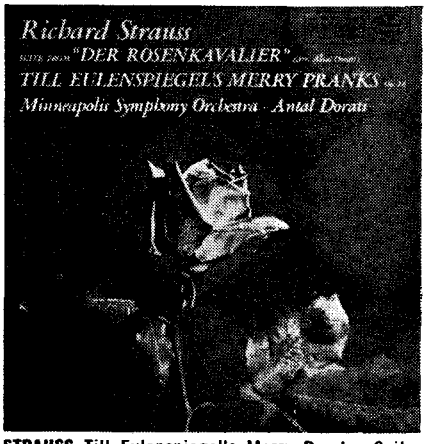

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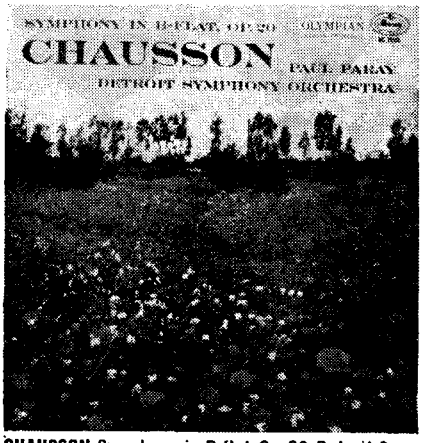

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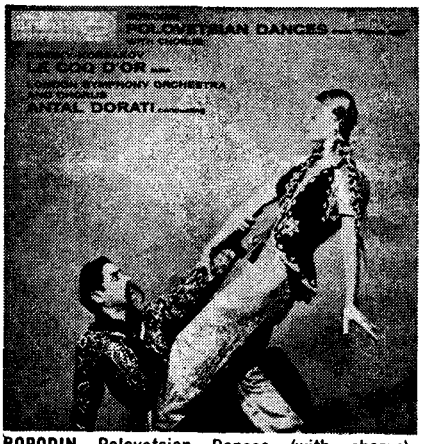

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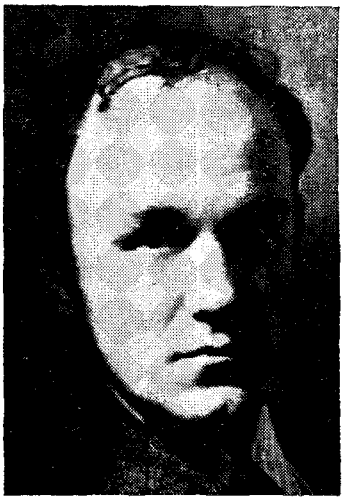
THE UNSUNG MR. RICHTER



By VICTOR SEROFF

SVYATOSLAV RICHTER is a great pianist. There is no doubt about it, and I can well understand why the Russians speak of him along with Gilels when asked who their best pianists are. The two have much in common, even as to age. They are first-rank virtuoso-pianists; they can play a *bravura* with tremendous speed and *cantilena* with a beautifully singing tone; they are both the product of the same Moscow school. Yet I shall abide by my first impression: as pianists they are as different as they are in personality and appearance. Richter's playing is more suave and has more polish, his runs so light and smooth you might think it was a Jascha Heifetz producing them, and he can thunder with left-hand octave passages as well as Gilels or Horowitz. And yet, I think his forte forced and his playing lacking in grandeur; and I do not believe it was the fault of the new Steinway which I was told was too hard. What I refer to has nothing to do with the action of the instrument. It has something to do with his particular way of playing which suggests his years of professional work as repetitor at the Odessa Opera House.

As I have mentioned in my report on the Festival (*SR* June 30, 1956), I have heard the Czech musicians compare him to Emil Gilels, who appeared in the United States last winter as the first cultural ambassador of the U.S.S.R. Many of them preferred Richter: "He is more romantic." "He is a poet," they said. Now that I have heard Richter in two recitals which he gave after the close of the Festival, I am able to judge for myself.

Although it had been announced that he was to play works by Shostakovich (from the book of Twenty-four Preludes and Fugues), Prokofiev (a late sonata), Schumann, and Liszt, both recital programs were changed. I understand that Richter had been suffering from an attack of grippe and had injured a finger in the closing of a car door while en route to Brno, Czechoslovakia, during his concert tour. Apparently he felt that he would not be able to play the originally scheduled program and substituted Tchaikovsky's Sonata in G major Op. 37 in the first concert and Schubert's Sonata in D major Op. 53 in the second concert, concluding both programs with the same set of Liszt works. I doubt that anyone in the packed hall could have been aware of the reason for this change; his new program was no less taxing, and his execution of the Liszt "Transcendental Etudes" (Prelude, Etude in A minor, Paysage in F major, Feux follets, Harmonie du soir) and "Mephisto Waltz" gave no hint of the slightest handicap.

Svyatoslav Richter was born in 1915 in Gitomir, Ukraine, a little town near Kiev. His father, Theophile, was also a pianist, having studied in Vienna under Professor L. Fuchs; but he remained a teacher and never concertized. Shortly after Svyatoslav's birth the family moved to Odessa where the father became a staff member of the Odessa Conservatory, and although Svyatoslav began to play the piano as a child, he apparently never wanted to become a professional pianist. He insists, and I questioned him on this several times, that he never had any teachers, either in piano or theoretical subjects such as harmony and counterpoint. He seems to want to give the impression that he picked up his knowledge "here and there," that his father, more than

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anyone else, had an influence on his general musical education, and that for the rest he was self-taught.

He confesses that at one time he wanted to become a composer; but, now, he would rather not speak about it and is perfectly happy that he gave it up. He relates that, instead of this activity and after several years as pianist at the Odessa Opera House, he suddenly took off for Moscow to study piano seriously. Thus, at the age of twenty-two, he became a pupil of Professor Henri Neuhaus. (It is curious that Gilels' student days ran a similar course. He also lived and studied in Odessa and eventually went to Neuhaus to prepare himself for a concert career.) Three years later Richter made his official debut. He played Prokofiev's Sixth Sonata, in the second half of Neuhaus' own recital, and created such a furor that the late Sergei Prokofiev came up from his place in the audience to congratulate him on the stage. This, Richter told me, was his first meeting with the composer. Today he is considered the foremost exponent of Prokofiev's works. He was the first to play the Seventh Sonata, which Vladimir Horowitz introduced to the American public during the war, and the Ninth Sonata is dedicated to Richter. He plays the five Prokofiev concerti and, though known for his performances of contemporary works, has a large repertory of classical and romantic compositions. But, strange as it may seem, he is not one of those Russian pianists who have been sent abroad to win prizes at international competitions such as are held in Warsaw, Vienna, Brussels, and Paris. In 1945 he won first prize at a competition in Moscow, but it was not until five years later that he was invited to make his first appearance outside the U.S.S.R. at the 1950 Prague Festival. Since then he has been a frequent visitor in Czechoslovakia but he has not appeared in Italy or France; he says that he hopes to play in England at the end of this year.

RICHTER hates everything that has to do with mechanics or machines. He told me that he even hates to make records of his own playing. Even when he speaks of his concerts he criticizes them with, "his heart was not in it," meaning that he did not enjoy the particular occasion; or, "it did not come off," implying that it was not musically what he wanted. He says that encores completely destroy the impression of a recital, and he hates them, too. He told me that he would never play an encore after Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" or after Beethoven's "Appassionata," compositions which he likes to play at the end of a program.

Contrary to what I had expected, he does not teach. I thought that all concertizing Soviet instrumentalists had to give some of their time to the instruction of young students. "I have neither the ability, nor do I like it," he admits frankly. He is married to Nina Dorliak, a singer and professor at the Moscow Conservatory. They give concerts together, but on these occasions he acts as her accompanist and plays no solo numbers. His home is in Moscow and he does not have a *dacha* (summer residence). He says that he prefers traveling and does not mind uncomfortable means of transportation; in fact, he loves hiking —as many as fifteen or twenty miles. He loves Natu[illegible] and confessed that his one weakness is painting, but only landscapes in water-colors. Of American music he knows very little: "Gershwin, of course," he explains, and he likes Aaron Copland's violin sonata which he heard Isaac Stern play in Moscow. Jazz? "Yes," he says, "but not the slow, whining kind . . . the other . . ." he could not find the right word, "you know what I mean, when they play and you never know what is coming next, the unexpected. . . ."

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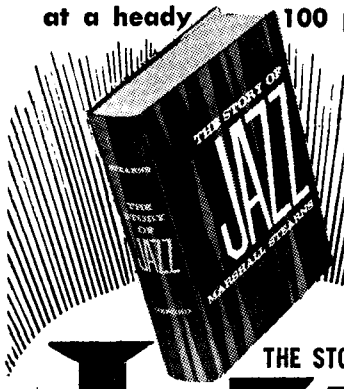

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• He is passionate, but observes the chivalric niceties.

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• He has at his disposal light and shadow; but his light does not pain and his darkness does show clear outlines.

• In the most tragic situation he still has a joke on tap—and into the gayest situation he is able to inject a learned tone.

• He is universal through his agility.

• He stands so high that he sees farther than anyone else, and thus he makes everything a little smaller.

• He is still able to take a draught from every glass because he has never quaffed one to the bottom.

• He is a bourgeois as well as an aristocrat, but never a peasant or a revolutionary.

• His palace is immeasurably large, but he never steps outside its walls.

• He is religious, to the extent that religion is identical with harmony.

• His smile is not that of a diplomat or an actor, but that of a pure spirit—and yet it is man-of-the-world.

• His spirit is pure, but not out of ignorance.

• He loves order; miracles and devil-tries come in sixteen or thirty-two measures.

• The architectonic is most closely related to his art.

• He is neither demonic nor supernatural; his realm is of this earth.

• He is fresh as a young man and wise as an old one—never dated and never modern, carried to his grave and yet ever alive. His oh-so-human smile still beams at us, transfigured.

—Translated from the German by Harry Zohn.

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Music to My Ears

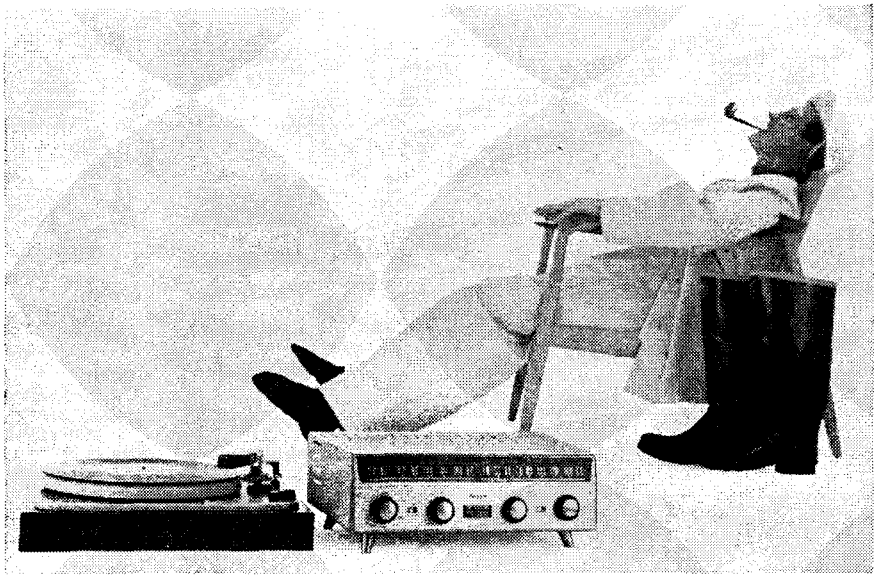
Continued from page 22

bearing with it an advance guard of the Vienna Philharmonic to come, devoted the first of two Carnegie Hall concerts of its second American tour under the direction of Herbert von Karajan to works of Strauss ("Don Juan"), Mozart (A major Concerto), and Beethoven (Symphony No. 3). The confusions of this statement are resolved by the addenda that the soloist of the evening was Wolfgang Schneiderhan, former concertmaster of the Vienna Philharmonic and now embarked on a career as a solo violinist. (He also records for the company which owns the rights to the Berlin Philharmonic.)

So far as management of the instrument is concerned, Schneiderhan is not only a mechanical purist, in tone, in intonation, and in bow-arm discipline; he is also well-suited to the work of his choice by Mozart. The question of personality is something else, however. Details were molded with loving attention, and the standard of musical thought was high. But it all came out with a kind of even uneventfulness, on a single level of dynamic expression, and with little exaltation or the kind of sportive exhilaration Mozart (in this vein) invites.

On the other hand, the playing of the orchestral score by a smallish complement was close to ideal. Karajan obviously conceived the work in a semi-chamber-music style, and the superb string choir guided its sound in and around that of the soloist like shepherds tending a flock. This, one suspects, is more true to the impulses of the orchestra than the hard drive, hard sounding, rather non-volatile playing of "Don Juan" which began the evening. There was some warm sounding woodwind playing in the lyric episodes, but Karajan's emphasis on precision, instantaneous response, and strong sonorities seemed calculated to give us what he thought an American audience would relish, rather than what the orchestra could do best.

THE week also produced a multiple premiere in Town Hall in which Antonio Janigro showed himself as cello soloist with and conductor of a string ensemble called "I Solisti di Zagreb," and a program of premieres by the Symphony of the Air under the direction of Leopold Stokowski in Carnegie Hall. Janigro's debut was an auspicious one, whether validating his phonographically-circulated talents as a fine sounding, warm-phrasing soloist



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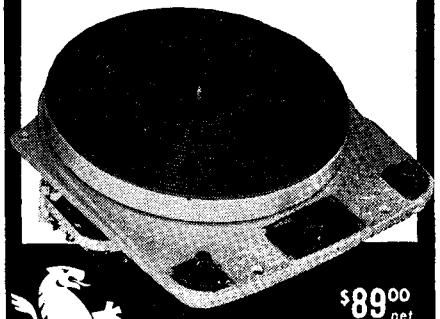
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in the Boccherini B flat concerto or showing the stuff of which authoriative conductors are made in a Rossini sonata in G, the D major (K.136) Divertimento of Mozart, Hindemith's "Funeral Music for Viola and Strings," or a "Concertante Improvisations" by Milko Kelemen. The latter is a thirty-two-year-old composer (unknown to fame or the reference books) with a pretty talent for understatement and a kind of . . . way of getting in and out of musical situations. His four movements take barely more than ten minutes to play, but it is lively, terse, purposeful music all the way. Through the evening the ensemble played with suave sound, a superior kind of musicality, and a fine family feeling for the varied works presented. Stefano Passaggio was the excellent viola soloist for the Hindemith.

The Stokowski program, it soon became apparent, was conceived in terms of contrasting blobs of sound—the "Robert Browning" overture of Charles Ives in his individual (if not really familiar) overlapping of tonalities, the Third Symphony of Alan Hovhaness in his sybaritic kind of cloying abundance, and Werner Egk's carefully written "Französiche Suite" after Rameau. Amid these reasonably familiar names was the unknown one of Kurt Leimer, a Wiesbaden composer of thirty-one who made his American debut as soloist in his own Fourth Concerto for piano and orchestra. Could one conceive an amalgam of Ravel and Prokofiev with an orchestra of Straussian abundance, something of Leimer's esthetic might be conveyed. The energy, dash, and facility of the execution were exceptional; the inflation of the rather barren thematic material no less imposing. The balloon went up half a dozen times, but always settled back to earth again. Here Stokowski had the most orgiastic time of the evening so far as sound was concerned, in a tempest of percussion and muted brass, piano glissandi and harmonies *a la Chinoise*. Leimer is undoubtedly a talented composer as well as a forceful pianist, but his present pretentions are much beyond his expressive capacity.

The Symphony of the Air, beginning its second season as an independent organization, gave model response to Stokowski in performances that were sharply his own in configuration and sound. An increasing number of the old faces are missing, but the new hands are capable ones. More often than not the all-new program had the sound of inspired sightreading (three rehearsals for such an evening are far too few), but the end-result was mainly admirable in presentation if erratic in substance.

—Irving Kolodin.

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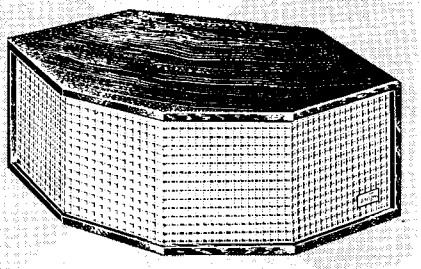
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Chotzinoff on Toscanini

SOMETHING further has been added by Samuel Chotzinoff to his "Toscanini: an Intimate Portrait" in the English edition recently published by Hamish Hamilton. The text as circulated widely in America through the Book-of-the-Month Club and the trade edition of Alfred A. Knopf is substantially the same, if not identical, with the English edition, but a footnote has been added to the account of the Carnegie Hall concert-broadcast which marked the Maestro's farewell on April 4, 1954. It will be remembered that Chotzinoff alleged that the "Tannhäuser" overture and Bacchanale ended in confusion when the peerless Toscanini memory faltered.

He now states: "I observed and heard the Maestro's final broadcast from the control booth of Carnegie Hall. When, towards the end of the Bacchanale, it became clear that he was suffering a loss of memory the orchestra was cut off the air and a recording substituted. Seeing the Maestro stop beating time and covering his eyes with his hand, I assumed that the orchestra had stopped playing. I have since learned that the orchestra, after forty seconds of discordant playing, managed to finish together and that many in the audience, among them some music critics, were quite unaware that anything untoward had occurred."

The correction, though welcome, hardly covers all the circumstances involved. There was not the "terrible silence" in the concert hall to which Chotzinoff still makes reference in the text, but great applause. And the new statement "managed to finish together" hardly suggests that the playing went on for *five minutes and twenty seconds*. However, as Ernest Newman has made clear in his comment in the London *Times*, it is of such things that legends are compounded. This was the fundamental thesis of *SR*'s review of the American edition and a partial correction, at least, is welcome. To hope that it eventually catches up with the author's false "assumption" would be, however, naive. Nothing crushed to earth rises again so slowly as truth.

—I. K.

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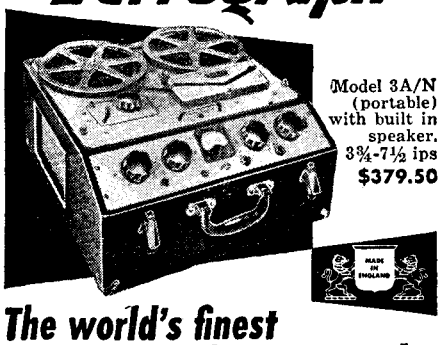

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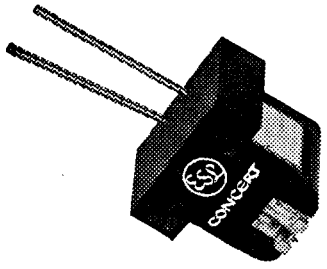

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Just Plain Maria

Continued from page 37

herself to be better. She is always looking for a new way to test herself, and to extend her command of her art. This is the reason for her vast repertoire. Her enemies suggest that she simply doesn't like other singers to sing parts that she wants for herself; but a more accurate explanation of her hunger for new roles is that she wants more experience. In fact, now she is not particularly interested in merely mechanically repeating her past successes. A director recently was talking to her about the "Puritani" Elvira, but he found that she was much more interested in discussing the Elvira of Verdi's "Ernani," which she will be singing at La Scala after her return from the Met. At the same time she will be reviving Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini"—a role that she has been planning a long time—with Visconti directing her; and La Scala is looking around for another work to "exhume" for her, perhaps Donizetti's "Anna Bolena."

When a friend once teasingly called her "La Divina" to her face, Callas answered quite seriously: "In the theatre you can call me what you like, but off-stage I'm just plain Maria."

FORTUNATELY for her admirers, she has never been and never will be "just plain" anything. Magazines cannot convincingly do picture-spreads of her washing the dishes or making the beds in her sumptuous Milan house. She is something far more thrilling than just an opera star. To a stranger, meeting her for the first time, she may not seem immediately lovable; but the more one knows her, the more one admires her infinite courage and devotion to her work. She doesn't just want to be *called* the best singer today, she wants to *be* the best. And she is obviously going to go on fighting, not sparing herself or those around her, towards that goal.

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Belmont

Continued from page 35

($100), each with gradating privileges, of course, including attendance at a specified rehearsal, a ticket purchase service, etc.

At the outset there was a conviction that the Metropolitan needed not only funds to carry it along through the Depression years but a guaranteed audience for the future. To educate young people to have a taste for opera, the Guild arranged its first student matinee in 1936. There have been nearly 100 performances since then, and more than 300,000 high-school students have been brought to the threshold of operatic appreciation. Through dues and contributions more than $1,600,000 has been donated directly to the opera treasury by Guild members.

If the Metropolitan has had a cyclorama since 1935, it is because the Guild raised $5,000 to buy it. Its donations have made possible ten productions in their entirety, and contributed to underwriting numerous others. It has supported many benefit performances for specific projects, and otherwise functioned as an active element in the audience-artist-executive team. Its incidental undertakings, such as arranging pictorial exhibits in the theatre itself which provide a sense of history totally lacking in the past, are innumerable. To a European these services would seem a normal part of a theatre's functioning: one has archivists, and curators, and even a staff historian in a properly-run opera house. (The library of the Paris Opera is one of the marvels of the musical world.) But they were not merely abnormal but non-existent at the Metropolitan prior to the development of the Guild.

The matter of adaptability has been shown not only in the enormous expansion of the Guild from its modest beginning with 1,239 (of whom all but 100 or so were New Yorkers) to its present nationwide strength, but also in the organization of the higher-level National Council. This came about, I am told, through the efforts of the Guild leaders to interest persons prominent in their own local musical life to lend a hand with the Metropolitan. The premise was that through its tours and radio broadcasts the Metropolitan was of nationwide importance, that its survival was of concern to all who concerned themselves seriously with music.

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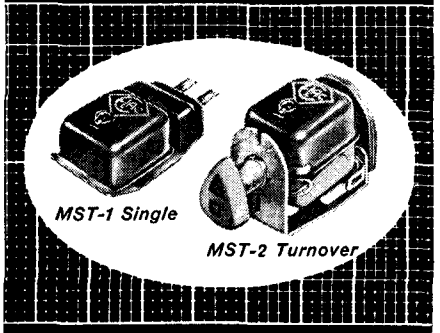

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purpose be served through affiliation with the Metropolitan as well as the maintenance of an organization of interest primarily to New Yorkers. Since its foundation in 1952 the National Council has evolved a program of regional auditions, whose winners are brought to New York (at no cost to themselves) for consideration by the Auditions of the Air committee. It has also taken over and considerably expanded a function previously filled by the Guild itself—a Central Opera Service, which acts as a clearing house for information of interest to opera workshops and community groups all over the country.

The National Council now has representation in virtually all the states, and a total membership of more than 200. Since these people make an annual contribution of either $250 or $500 to the Council, which in turn makes its funds available for new productions or other unusual expenses, its place in the Metropolitan scheme is clearly an important one. And, finally, there is an organization known as Annual Giving, whose members pledge an annual contribution to the Metropolitan.

Perhaps the soundest of Mrs. Belmont's accomplishments is that neither the Guild, nor the National Council, nor the Annual Givings program has been in any way a one-women show. She may, in deference to her own background, have been the star in the cast, but the supporting players have all been given suitable latitude. And though she retains board membership at the Metropolitan and the rank of Elder Councilor at executive sessions of the Guild and Council, the arduous day-to-day work of membership drives, executive work, and routine business has been passed on to other, newer hands.

There are such hands, and capable ones, as the *Opera News* under the editorship of Mrs. John De Witt Peltz testifies, or the broadening sphere of the National Council (of which Mrs. Frederick Weyerhauser is president), or the increased number of Annual Giving members (Mrs. John Long heads this), or the Guild itself, of which Richard Leach is executive director after many years of service by Mrs. Witherspoon. But there is nothing too much to following an example, once it has been set—and the example-setter for the Guild has, clearly, been Mrs. Belmont.

Everybody and everything, even an institution, needs a mother. To say that Mrs. Belmont has mothered the Metropolitan through one of its most difficult eras is not to put the emphasis on feminity alone. She has also raised a "family" capable of looking after its interests for a long time to come.

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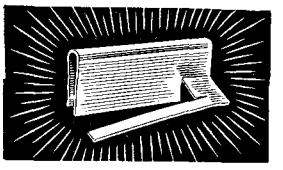

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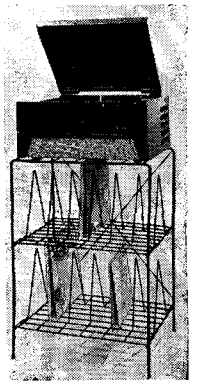

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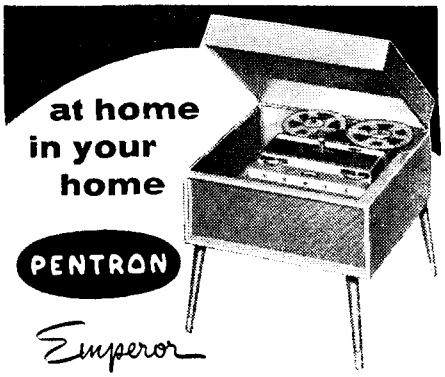

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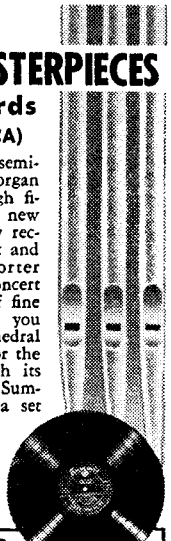

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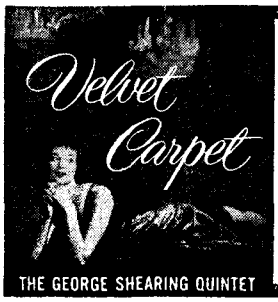

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LETTERS TO THE

RECORDINGS EDITOR

PERSONAL ROSTER

EVERYONE WILL HAVE his own favorite list of omissions to supplement Weinstock's survey of the Schwann Record Catalogue (*SR* Sept. 29). My own roster of Among the Missing is headed by such items as Wagner's "Rheingold" and "Siegfried" (in any but the pirated and inadequate Allegro versions), Vaughan Williams's "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Sancta Civitas," and Howard Hanson's "Merry Mount."

JAMES WADE.

Granite City, Ill.

RAY FOR REZNIČEK

MAY I ADD one of my favorites, Reznicek's "Donna Diana Overture," to the list of the missing?

MICHAEL E. HAGER.

Dedham, Mass.

DIAMOND DIGGING

I SHOULD LIKE TO say that I do not, now that I have discovered the *Long Player* catalogue, rely too heavily on the one Schwann publishes. Weinstock mentioned that there was no recording of David Diamond's "Rounds." Well, as a matter of fact, there are *two* recordings of this work, at least one of which is available. Schwann does list the collection that includes the work (under Orchestral Collections: Golschmann) but cross-indexes it under but one of the four composers included in it. Thus, by referring only to the composer section in Schwann one loses much through its half-hearted cross-indexing. Even in the Golschmann listing the composers aren't listed.

I think that the renowned Schwann catalogue should and could be made better and that it should not rest on its reputation to pass off on the record-buying public incomplete listings. Cataloguing of phonograph records couldn't be that hard.

WILLIAM WILDER, JR.

Derry, N. H.

GERSHWIN

GERSHWIN WROTE MUCH work, popular and classic, still unrecorded. I was fortunate to have been able to obtain a recording made from the TV program "Omnibus," on March 29, 1953. This thirty-minute recording of "One Hundred Thirty-fifth Street," a short opera, could easily be popular if put on the market.

There must also be a great number of short Gershwin selections like "Rialto Ripples" never recorded.

PAUL KESSLER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

LANZA OPERATIC?

I WISH TO take violent exception to one aspect of Roger W. Brown's article on Mario Lanza (*SR* Sept. 29). Brown lists several examples of Lanza's technique of

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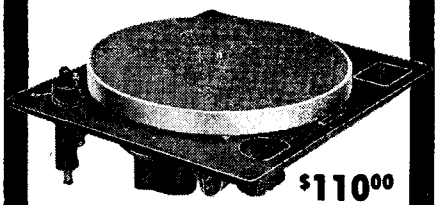

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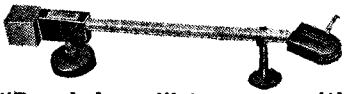

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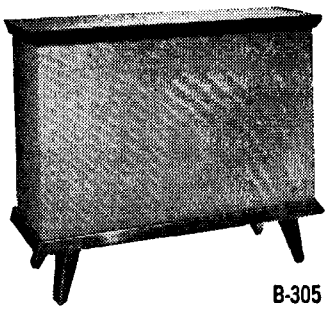

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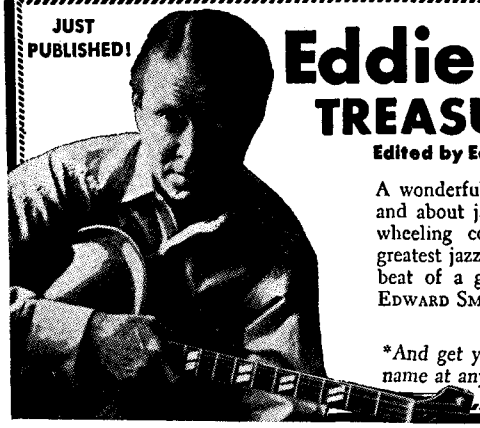

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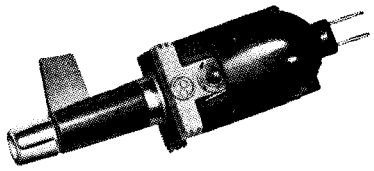

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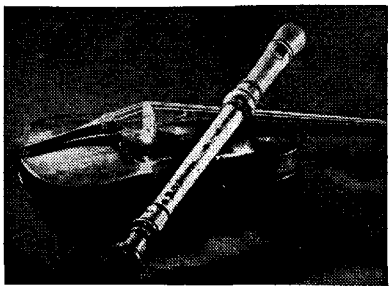

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histrionics: "popping eyes," "sobs," "knuckles-on-forehead," "overacts, postures, and strains." This, Mr. Brown states, is because Lanza is "operatic." Let me set Mr. Brown straight. This isn't operatic acting but simply bad acting—inexcusable on any stage.

BERT WECHSLER.
Forest Hills, N. Y.

BENESH IS HERE

I READ WITH interest a letter (*SR* Sept. 29) addressed to you by Mr. Terry Kovach of San Francisco, California, asking if there was any way in which he could find out more about the Benesh Notation System. Your reply mentioned "An Introduction to Benesh Dance Notation" shortly to be published in England by A. & C. Black. I am happy to tell you that this book will be available early in 1957 and that the Pitman Publishing Corporation will have the sole selling rights in the United States.

LOUIS E. MALONE.
New York, N. Y.

"DON CARLOS" CALLING

I REALLY ENJOYED the informative article on Boris Christoff (*SR* Aug. 25). However, I noticed that in the list of Christoff recordings the RCA Victor recording of Verdi's "Don Carlo" was missing. On top of that, I have never seen even one criticism of this recording either in *SR* or any other magazine. I haven't heard the recording as yet. Why is it so unspeakable?

JASPER L. JANES.
Greenville, S. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Not at all unspeakable. It appeared at a time of unmanageable operatic abundance.*

WALLENSTEIN NOT REINER

JUST HAVING READ your current review of the Rubinstein "Concerto" set, I, as a devoted member of Alfred Wallenstein's audience in Los Angeles for over a decade, am anxious to correct an impression which is probably the result of the mislabeling of your review copy. The Concerto which receives your first praise, the Grieg, was actually accompanied by Mr. Wallenstein and the "RCA Victor Orchestra" and *not* Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony. (The mention of this error is *doubly* important since this recording is cited among the "List of Recommended Recordings" under the heading "High Fidelity 1956.") Conversely, the two Rachmaninoff works were actually accompanied by Reiner. The Liszt No. 1 *was* batoned by Wallenstein, as you have it.

TUPPER TURNER.
Los Angeles, Calif.

NOTE ON ALEXANIAN

I WOULD LIKE to make a slight correction in a review, written by Mr. Victor Seroff,

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of the Dalmatian Music Festival (*SR* Sept. 15). He states that the teacher of the cellist Antonio Janigro was D. Alexanian, now presumably living in Chicago. If this is the same Mr. Alexanian who lived in New York and had cello pupils, I must inform you that Mr. Alexanian died over a year ago.

DAVID VAN LEER.

Holyoke, Mass.

MILANOV IN DEMAND

I AGREE WITH Walter Dainwood (*SR* July 28) that we need more Milanov! How about a "Gioconda" or a "Norma"? Also, Roberta Peters has yet to record a really brilliant operatic performance. Perhaps "Lucia" or a Gilda would do it. Does Columbia intend to release any of Lily Pons's back recordings (78s and ten-inch LPs) transferred to twelve-inch LPs? If so hurry! I'm waiting!

TOM WAECHTER.

Pella, Iowa

MORE MILANOV

I SHOULD LIKE to second the "motion" for additional operas with Zinka Milanov.

J. E. SPENCER, JR.

Clarksville, Tex.

MORE, MORE MILANOV

MAY I ALSO join in the plea for more complete operas by Zinka Milanov. Not only has she proved herself a great Leonore in "La Forza del Destino," but she is also an extraordinary Tosca, Gioconda, Norma, Maddalena ("Andrea Chenier"), and Donna Anna. RCA Victor is really being quite unfair to its customers and to Mme. Milanov, who is under exclusive contract.

CLINTON B. HANOVER.

Mahwah, N. J.

CHORAL FANTASY?

SOME TIME AGO I listened to a German Deutsche Grammophon recording of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with Eugen Jochum conducting the Bavarian Radio Orchestra and Chorus; it was one of the best versions of the Ninth I have ever heard, and I wonder if Decca is planning to release this recording. Jochum has a special way with the combination of chorus and orchestra; he knows how to give a proper balance and definition even at the loudest or softest parts.

Concerning the coupling for this album Decca might release, I think that the best one would be not the common and conventional couplings of a First or Eighth Symphony, but a Beethoven earlier work very related in style and history to the Ninth. I am referring to the Choral Fantasy Op. 80 for piano, orchestra, and chorus, which to a certain extent is a kind of Beethoven essay for the Ninth Symphony. I hope that Decca could release such an album. I am sure it would be a superb one.

Concerning the Choral Fantasy, I listened years ago to a recording made by Toscanini conducting the NBC with Horowitz and, I think, the Shaw Chorale. Now that RCA is releasing a number of Toscanini's earlier recordings I wonder if they are planning to do the same with this performance of the Choral Fantasy.

C. B. HAGEN.

Seattle, Wash.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1179

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

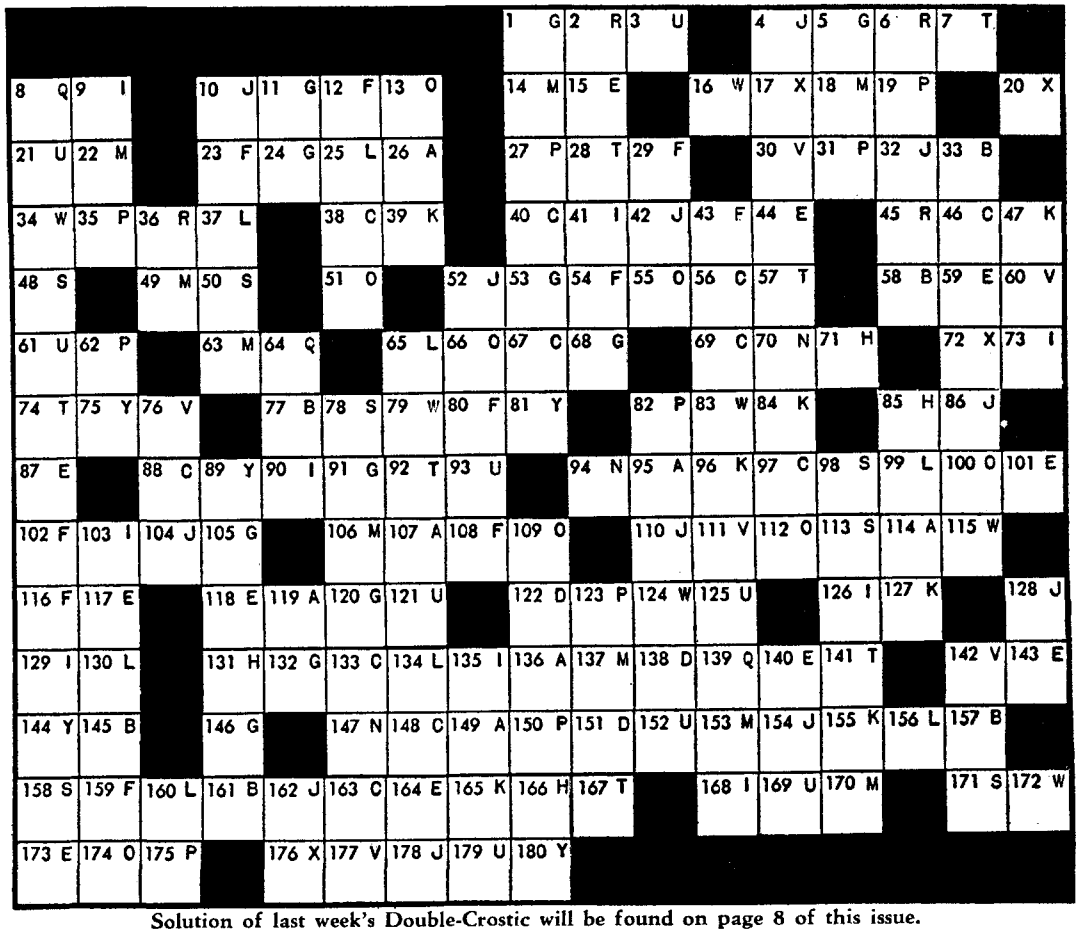
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Heroine of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" who loved Tancred.	114 26 95 136 149 107 119
B. Feature of both Theseus' hounds and "Thessalian bulls" ("Midsummer Night's Dream").	33 145 77 157 161 58
C. Amer. architect, bridges over Charles R. at Cambridge, Connecticut at Hartford, etc. (1854-1912).	40 88 67 148 133 69 97 46 56 163 38
D. Measure, almost 5 U.S. gallons (Württemburg).	151 122 138
E. Translation of French oath, which seems quite inoffensive (4 wds.).	140 143 101 44 15 118 87 117 59 164 173
F. Obstruction of auditory passages.	23 159 29 80 108 102 116 12 54 43
G. Contemporary Mexican artist and illustrator, known for grotesque drawings in books and on covers.	120 132 24 146 68 53 5 91 1 11 105
H. Fairly large city in province of Cebu, in Philippines.	71 131 85 166
I. Rough location of Canada (4 wds. or 3 wds. acc'g to the reader).	103 73 90 135 41 126 168 129 9
J. Achieving aesthetic effect solely through colors, forms, disposition of forms, free of realistic symbolism.	86 42 154 128 52 4 110 162 104 32 178 10
K. Markedly deviating from the normal.	39 127 47 155 84 96 165
L. Occurring in regular series; turning as a wheel.	130 65 37 156 160 134 99 25
M. Easily managed.	22 170 63 137 14 49 106 18 153

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. German physician for whom was named the "bundle" of nerve fibers connecting auricles with ventricles (1863-1934).	70 94 147
O. In the Bible, the Preacher's words for unfortunate times which do not occur in youth (2 wds.).	100 66 174 109 55 51 13 112
P. Entitled to the benefits of legal procedure (comp.).	19 31 27 82 123 175 150 35 62
Q. King of Judah succeeded by Jehoshaphat.	139 64 8
R. Four-hundred-mile river, NW Pakistan.	6 45 36 2
S. Ogrelike figure in very ancient Chinese art (comp.).	171 158 98 50 113 48 78
T. Most fervent.	28 92 7 167 57 141 74
U. Specifying the "parts of the earth" where the Psalmist says God is; "of the sea" where Daniel Webster says we can't get away from duty.	21 121 125 179 93 152 169 3 61
V. What Falstaff called Justice Shallow, if "forked" ("King Henry IV, Part II").	60 111 76 177 30 142
W. Food delicacy in Japan (2 wds.).	115 83 34 16 79 124 172
X. Acknowledge frankly.	17 72 20 176
Y. Colloq. for those who possess worldly valuables.	81 89 144 75 180

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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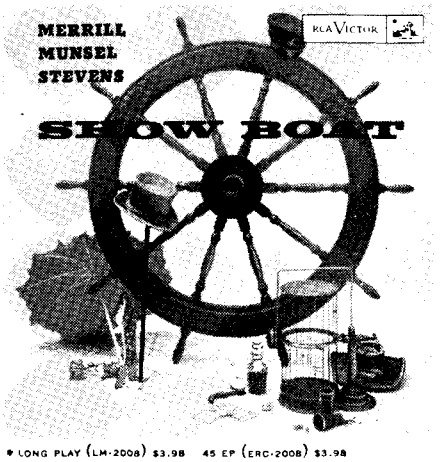

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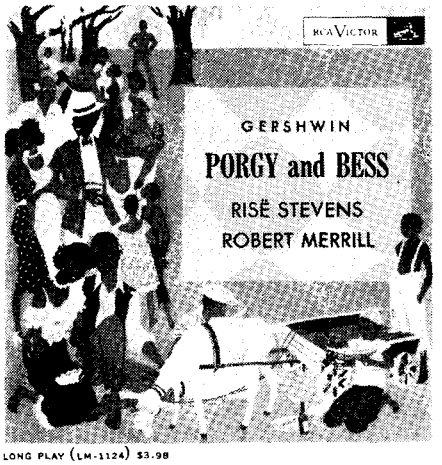

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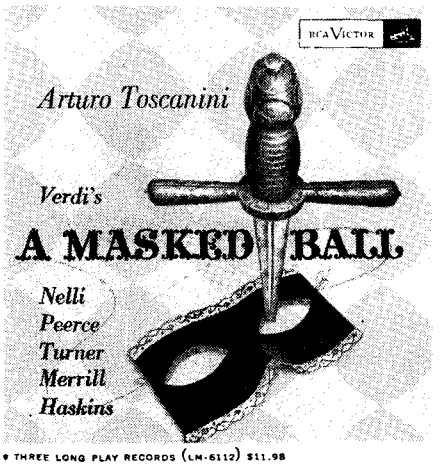

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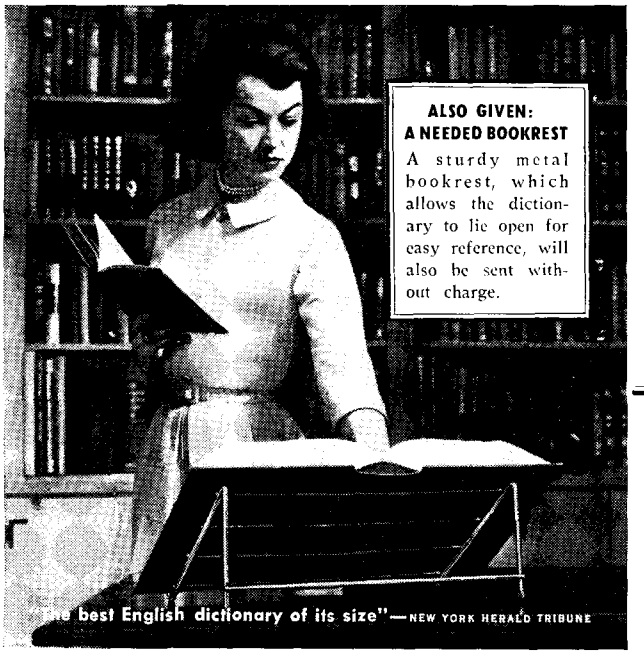
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